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SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND THE APPLE

DID IT SET HIM THINKING?

How We Know that the Old
Story is True

A LINCOLNSHIRE GARDEN IN HISTORY

The celebration of the second centenary of the death of Sir Isaac Newton has called forth renewed homage to the memory of one of the greatest men who ever lived, the Shakespeare of Science, the Columbus of the Universe.

When Einstein burst upon the world a few years ago with his new theory of Relativity many critics regarded the new teaching as the overthrow of Newton and his astonishing discoveries; but the truth is that Einstein is but a new disciple of Newton, and confirms his master's fame.

The Story of the Apple

And the children have a triumph in Newton. They believe that Alfred burned the cottager's cakes and that the theory of gravity was suggested to Newton by an apple falling from a tree to the ground. Whether Alfred burned the cakes or not the children are right about Newton.

It happened that the great Frenchman Voltaire was an exile in England in 1727, and attended Newton's funeral in Westminster Abbey, thrilled at the sight of the greatest men in the land competing for the honour of carrying the funeral pall of the simple scientist. Voltaire became the intimate friend of Newton's niece and her husband, a well-known man named John Conduitt, and they told him the story of the falling apple. This was the story.

In 1666 Newton, driven from Cambridge University by the Plague, was resting at his home at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, when he saw an apple fall from a tree in his garden, and he at once fell into a train of thought which led him to the mighty theory of the law of gravity as governing the position and movements of the Earth, the Moon, the Sun, the planets, and all the host of stars in the heavens.

The Evidence Appears

The Frenchman published the story in two books, but critics of the anecdote knew nothing of them. John Conduitt, wrote the story in some notes which he supplied to the famous Fontenelle, who, however, did not use it; yet when these notes were published in England from the original manuscript half a century later there was the famous story, in the writing of the man whose wife had been Newton's housekeeper.

Children may repeat their story with perfect confidence. It is as true as anything in literature. Out of the simple falling of an apple sprang that wondrous train of thought which great men declare to have been above all other productions of the human mind.

Tulip Time Again



Once again Spring is here, and we are all delighted to see the early flowers, like daffodils and tulips, coming into blossom in our gardens. Here is a little lady with a fine show of tulip blooms, gathered recently in the neighbourhood of London

THE LITTLE ADVOCATE

How Ten-Year-Old Saved His Father

THIS stirring little incident has lately happened at the Law Courts in Paris.

"Osczac!" calls the judge, and a small boy is seen to approach. He is about ten years old, fair and alert. He is pulling a man along by his sleeve. The man has a heavy grey moustache and rounded shoulders. "Osczac, that's me," says the little fellow.

"But it is not you who have stolen the iron from the factory?" exclaims the President.

"No, sir, it is my papa; but my papa is a Pole, and he does not understand French very well, and this is why I came with him."

The little lad is not a little bit nervous. Clean, neat, and well-behaved, he delights the court.

"Your father has confessed that he stole the iron, has he not?" says the President.

The child stretches himself up to the ear of his father and murmurs something in Polish. Then he turns to the judge.

"Yes, sir, he did steal the iron; he confesses it; but he will never, never do it again."

"All right, little boy. Your father has the best advocate in the world."

And the court condemns the man to the light sentence of eight days in prison.

"Tell him not to do it again," adds the judge.

"Oh, yes, sir!" says the boy, again stretching up to his father's ear, all beaming at the light punishment.

Then the father and his little man went out of court, and all who saw them feel sure that Osczac senior will never, never steal again.

HOLIDAYS IN GREENLAND

Shall we one day spend our holidays in Greenland? Mr. J. M. Wordie, who led the Cambridge University expedition to East Greenland, has told the Royal Geographical Society that this is quite possible, for in summer in Greenland there are days of continuous sunshine and light airs.

REMEMBERING FRIENDS AND FOES TOGETHER

A Fine Thing Happens at
Wiesbaden

THE SILENCE DAY

A very fine thing has happened in Wiesbaden, the German city which is the headquarters of the British Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

Nothing could be more humiliating for a proud and great nation than the sight of foreign soldiers occupying their country. Until all the terms of the Peace Treaty are fulfilled the folk of Wiesbaden must endure that humiliation, and British uniforms must remind them daily of their defeat. Most men would imagine that Wiesbaden was full of bitterness and longing for revenge, but we know it is not because of this fine thing that has happened.

Whitehall and Wiesbaden

On November 11 at eleven the British people honour their kinsmen who fell in the Great War by gathering at the Cenotaph in Whitehall or at village war memorials and keeping silence for two minutes. At the same time last autumn the British troops in Wiesbaden were paraded, and they kept the silence with their countrymen overseas. Now, Herr Frotzheim, the Chief of Police in Wiesbaden, knew beforehand about the parade in honour of the British dead, and he gave an order that there should be silence throughout Wiesbaden at that hour. Not a sound of wheels or motor-horns or factory sirens was heard. It was a wonderful thing, for the dead men had died fighting against Germany, and now Germany paid them honour.

Wiesbaden kept her day of remembrance on March 13. At one o'clock the city became suddenly silent in honour of the German soldiers killed in the war. The silence was utterly unbroken because all ranks in the British Army of Occupation had been ordered to join in it by their Commander-in-Chief. Tools were laid down, military traffic was stopped, and motor-engines were switched off. A few years ago British soldiers were fighting against the very men to whom they now paid tribute.

Two Silent Minutes

Side by side German and Englishman stood for two silent minutes, thinking of the prosperous lands they knew before the war, of the ruin it made, and of the cemeteries filled with the bodies of young men who would have given the world great music, or poetry, or scientific discoveries, or a better form of government, if they had not been sacrificed in war. Two minutes of thinking may achieve more than two years of talking.

If only the Hohenzollerns could have seen the vision those men saw in the Two Minutes Silence they would surely have left the sword in its scabbard thirteen years ago.

THE START OF A GREAT ADVENTURE

STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF TWO FLYING-MEN

Aeronauts Come Down Among the Brigands

A TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

To be wrecked at sea in a plane and to land at the point of exhaustion would be a sufficiently exciting adventure for most people; to suffer all that and then to be captured by Moorish brigands and held to ransom for a week seems a little too much to endure with patience.

All this has happened to two South American airmen who were flying across the Atlantic from Morocco, yet they seem still to thirst for more adventures, for they have telegraphed to the Uruguayan Government for permission to try again.

A Broken Oil Pipe

They were flying down the Moroccan coast from Casablanca before turning seaward for South America when they found their oil supply pipe broken. The sea was very rough, but the pilot managed to land safely between two waves, each twenty feet high, and began to taxi toward the shore. But as wave after wave struck them their hull was smashed and the engines displaced, and finally the machine was completely wrecked and the airmen were thrown into the water.

After half an hour's desperate swim they were on the point of collapse when they were flung ashore and their wrecked machine after them. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, they found themselves surrounded by a band of 150 Moors.

Marching Across the Desert

They were not left long in doubt as to the character of the strange men, for their captors at once stripped them of everything they had on, slitting the lining of their clothes and tearing off the soles of their boots in search of hidden booty. The chief of the tribesmen found a suit of silk pyjamas in the luggage on the wreck which greatly took his fancy and which he immediately put on. Some cheques (which, of course, nobody would cash) he distributed among his followers, keeping the bank-notes and coins for his own share of the booty.

Then a long march through the desert began, and the captives do not know which they hated most, the walking or the riding on the jolting camels. As they went two aeroplanes appeared and flew low, examining the convoy. The mail plane from Dakar to Casablanca had seen the wreck and had reported it at the next aerodrome, where a search had been organised. As the planes approached, the Moors camouflaged their prisoners with sacks and brushwood, and peppered the planes with rifle shots, whereupon the planes returned home to report.

Buying Back the Captives

On arriving at the tribal headquarters in Rio de Oro, the Moors sent messengers to the Spanish post of Cape Juby, 70 miles away, to demand a ransom, and a week later the same two airmen who had seen the party arrived with an official charged with the task of making the necessary bargain. They were greeted with another fusillade, but succeeded in landing their passenger. The next day they came again and found that he had achieved his object, having bought back the captives at something under £1000 apiece!

They picked up the official and the ransomed men and made their way with all speed back to civilisation, where a bath and clean clothing awaited the adventurers, who desired nothing on Earth more ardently, except to be started once more on their Transatlantic flight.

SPRINGTAIL

A Little Worker Getting On

WHAT A BLUE FLY DOES FOR US

There is a tiny blue fly with the lively name of springtail which, solely by its own exertions, has been steadily getting on in the world.

Seven years ago its services as a scavenger were enlisted by the city of Glasgow. Its duties, as the C.N. reported at the time, were done with such thoroughness that it became permanently employed at Glasgow's sewage purification works.

Today the hard-headed Yorkshire ratepayers of Wombwell have offered it a similar job, at the same rates of pay, in their sewage works. There is every reason to believe that in this unsheltered industry the blue springtail will continue to perform its rather unpleasant work with the same assiduity and thoroughness, asking no higher reward.

What the springtail does for its living is to feed on decaying animal and

Civilisation is Passing By

CIVILISATION is never secure.

It is always in danger because it is a thing enthroned in the minds of men, and as each mind perishes there is no guarantee that a new mind will come into existence.

WE do not always realise that a child born today in London or New York is as truly a savage as a child born in the unmapped wilds of South America. *For we are not born educated; we have to be taught; we are not born civilised; we have to acquire civilisation.*

These words are from a striking article in My Magazine for April, now on sale everywhere.

vegetable matter. At the sewage works a particular product of decaying matter, a nasty jelly-like substance, continually forms in the purification filters.

Time and money have to be spent in clearing it off so that the sewage effluent can flow away quickly. The blue springtail revels in it. The Glasgow battalions of them eat it up at the rate of four pounds a week.

At Wombwell they are doing the same thing, thus saving all the lengthy labour of cleaning up the filters at a cost of hundreds of pounds a year.

The springtail is therefore truly getting on in the world; but in another way it is equally true that the world is getting on, because it is every day finding out how to harness its little workers to its manifold uses.

DISARMING THE COW

Ayrshire Cattle to be Bobbed

Ayrshire cows are going to follow the fashion and be bobbed.

As they have no long locks to be shorn they are giving up their horns instead. The barber's scissors will not be needed, for the horns will be destroyed in babyhood by means of caustic potash.

As a matter of fact, farmers are not dishorning the Ayrshire cow as the dog-fancier docks a terrier's tail, for the sake of appearance and value, but for the sake of safety. She has a nasty upturned horn which can do a great deal of damage when she loses her temper, and so she must submit to disarmament.

A LITTLE TREK NEAR PRIMROSE HILL

Spring Migrants at the Zoo

GOING TO THEIR NEW HOMES

Between now and Whitsuntide will be moving day at the Zoo. New houses have been built, and into these houses birds, snakes, and crocodiles will go.

The birds are used to flight, though many of them give the impression that they would like to fly farther and fare better. The pelicans in particular are always taxi-ing across their enclosure as if intent on a soaring flight, which, in spite of their ambition, always ends at the rails. The penguins, too, which believe that the penguin is mightier than the stork, are restless birds; and the dancing crane, the morose vulture, and the crested eagle, together with many less eminent fowl, always look as if they would like to move on.

Procession of the Wild

Before Whitsuntide their wishes will be gratified, and in fancy one can picture their migration in the silent watches of the night. Cockatoos from Australia, ostriches from Africa, Argus pheasants from Asia, birds of brilliant plumage from South America, join the sober-coloured migrants in this flight, which is all too short for most of them, but which, if birds had memories, might recall to them the thousands of miles of land and ocean between Regent's Park and the places they were born in.

To the other wilder, fiercer things the trek will not mean so much. The crocodiles, pondering sullen things in their pool, find one place as good or as bad as another so long as the keeper brings the daily food. The snakes, too, cold-blooded things, are not readily stirred to enthusiasm. They merely ask to be allowed to sleep on and take their meals at regular intervals.

Yet bird and reptile and snake are alike in one thing. In them dwells the untamed spirit of lonely places, and when, with busy London surrounding them, they take only a little journey, a tiny travel in the heart of the great town, something strange must stir within them; and this procession of the wild in the neat and tidy London park has something in it to stir us too.

TWO NEW MUSEUMS

The Old Thatched Barn

Two new museums will soon be opened, and both are so strange that there is nothing like them.

One is the Buffalo Bill Museum which is being built at Cody, in Wyoming, in memory of William Frederick Cody, who was better known to the world as Buffalo Bill. Although he only died ten years ago he seems to belong to the picturesque days when America was chiefly a land of broncho-riding cowboys and wonderful Red Indian horsemen.

The other museum is already built; in fact, it was built in 1500; but it has yet to be endowed, and the East Riding Association is collecting £645 for the purpose. The museum is an aisled and thatched barn near Easington Church in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Very beautiful the old, simple building is, honestly has it served man for over 400 years, sheltering him from the heat of the Sun as he threshed his corn and keeping his harvest safe from rain and thieves. It would be sad to think of it being pulled down, so lovers of Old Yorkshire have bought it and mean to turn it into a folklore museum.

The barn, which has had an honourable record of service ever since the reign of Henry the Seventh, will be as useful as ever it was although the sound of the flail will not echo through its ancient rafters again. It will assuredly become a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of England's village past.

A POET'S SON REMINDS AMERICA

All Men Born Free and Equal

THE NEGRO AND HIS VOTE

In America, as we know, all men are born free and equal. A poet's son has been reminding the Republic of the faith of Washington and Lincoln.

Two wars were fought to prove it, and at the end of the second it was declared that all citizens had the right to vote, "regardless of race, colour, and previous condition of servitude." That was after the civil war two generations ago. Nevertheless, the whites in some Southern States have taken care that the former slaves and their descendants shall never enter the polling-booth.

In some places they make what they call an educational test, requiring that all voters must be able to explain the American Constitution to the registrar before he puts their names down; but in most cases the effective bar to the vote has been an armed guard outside the polling-booth!

Challenging the Law

Texas has lately been trying a different plan. It passed a law simply forbidding Negroes to vote. This challenge to the law was too much, however, and the American Supreme Court has declared the law to be null and void. The decision was read on his 86th birthday by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the great poet. The court added that a Negro excluded from the polling-booth could recover damages in a court of law. The Texans laugh at this suggestion, pointing out that the case would be decided by a white jury, which would give a verdict against a Negro.

It is to be feared that in the South at any rate the whites will still continue to make a mock of the American Constitution, but on paper, as we know, all men are born free and equal!

A PANTHER CALLS

Lady's Surprise in the Drawing-Room

No doubt a lady should not be surprised to find a visitor in her drawing-room when she enters it. That is what a drawing-room is for.

But it must have been a shock as well as a surprise to the wife of a British officer at Ahmednagar, in India, when she walked into her drawing-room and found a panther standing there. Fortunately it neither saw nor heard her, but walked slowly into an adjoining bedroom as she entered.

The lady at once rushed forward, closed the bedroom door, and ran for her husband. When he arrived at the bedroom window with his rifle the panther was hiding behind the wardrobe, but a few stones made it show its head and it was shot.

It had been wandering about all night before it found the bungalow door open and walked in. *See World Map*

THINGS SAID

Spain is the one country in Europe where cruelty is still officially allowed.

A C.N. correspondent

Of the patron saints of these two islands not one was of native birth.

Lord Oxford

The Empire must be going mad not to make use of our crowds of workless young people.

General Booth

I am 80 and enjoy life, but I should have been gone long ago if I had not been a teetotaler.

Sir Walter Runciman

The English are really musical but they want everything brought to their armchairs.

Sir Henry Wood

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW



The names from top to bottom are the Hon. J. F. Maclay (bow), T. E. Letchworth, J. C. Holcroft, R. Beesly, L. V. Bevan, J. B. Bell, S. K. Tubbs, R. J. Elles (stroke), and J. A. Brown (coxswain)

THE TALE OF AN ENGLISH FIELD

THE TICHBORNE DOLE Lady of the Manor's Last Act for the Poor CEREMONY 800 YEARS OLD

Any C.N. reader who loves quaint customs and old English ways would have been happy at Tichborne House in Hampshire on Lady Day. There he would have seen a ceremony which was instituted in the reign of Henry the First, eight centuries ago.

Tichborne, which is about two miles from Alresford Station, has given its name to a family tracing its lineage back to Anglo-Saxon times. For all those years the Tichbornes have lived in that pretty green corner of old Hampshire, and for nearly all that time they have kept up a picturesque ceremony called the Tichborne Dole.

A Grudging Gift

It was in the early part of the twelfth century that the Lord of the Manor was a hard, selfish man who cared nothing for the welfare of his tenants. His wife was the soul of charity, and used to carry food to those who were too old or too ill to work. When she fell sick of a mortal disease the good lady's grief was the thought that those she had befriended would now be left to starve, and she begged her husband to give her a piece of land where corn might always be grown to make bread for the poor.

Sir Roger was ashamed to refuse his dying wife's request, but he was determined to give as little land as possible, so he took a brand from the fire and said he would give Lady Tichborne as much land as she could crawl round before it burned out.

A Loaf or Twopence

Then the sick woman called her servants to carry her quickly into the fields, and she prayed fervently for strength. Through the strength of her indomitable will she managed to crawl round 23 acres before the billet of wood burned out. She was carried back to her deathbed, and there she foretold that if the poor were robbed of the gift she had won for them terrible misfortunes would come upon the house.

For centuries her will was obeyed. Every Lady Day the poor gathered at Tichborne House and about 1400 loaves were distributed, or else twopence was given to each person. In those days twopence was quite a nice little sum. In the 16th century building stone was a shilling a ton and lime twopence a bushel, while a barrel of beer cost threepence and the price of making a gate was twelvopence. So the Tichborne Dole drew many gipsies and beggars into the neighbourhood, and the magistrates asked in 1796 that it might be stopped.

The Dole Revived

Now a strange thing came to pass. Misfortunes of various kinds did come to the Tichbornes, and in 1803 the old house fell down. After that the Tichborne Dole was revived, and now flour is given away instead of loaves or money.

Of course Tichborne House as we know it is only a hundred years old, but the old field of 23 acres is still unchanged and is still called The Crawl.

Lady Tichborne is not the only person who won a piece of land by crawling. In the New Forest is a tract of land which belongs to Winchester College and is called Bishop's Ditch. It was given to a Bishop of Winchester on condition that he crawled all round it on his hands and knees in a day. Doubtless the giver thought the bishop would be too dignified to fulfil such terms, but the ecclesiastic accepted the challenge and won a small estate for Winchester.

STARVING FOR SUNSHINE

SAD CASE OF THE CAGED WOMEN OF INDIA

Robbed of the Most Precious Boon of Life

THE RAYS OF HEALTH

A doctor has just made the astonishing statement that many Indian women are crippled and tubercular for want of health-giving sunlight.

Most of us would have thought there must be too much sunlight in India, but the purdah system prevails among most high-caste Indians, and this means that from 10 or 11 the girls are shut up in a part of the house where no man may enter, usually a dark part, with tiny windows looking out on blank walls or on a narrow court.

A Tragedy of Indoors

An Indian woman feels dishonoured by being seen, and that is why her windows are small and have no view. Then she wants to shut out the burning red rays of the Sun, and by doing that she also shuts out the wholesome ultra-violet rays which promote growth and health but cannot pass through ordinary window-glass. Unlike the monkeys at the Zoo, she cannot bask in ultra-violet rays because her cage has no windows of vita-glass.

Because of this system Dr. Kathleen Vaughan says that six girls die of consumption in Calcutta for every boy who suffers from it, and that there are many cases in Bombay of women so crippled by disease that they can only crawl painfully along the floor. Their bones are soft and deformed because they are sun-starved.

Let the Sunlight In

A man of science said the other day that the British public owed a great debt to the manufacturers who invented fadeless dyes and artificial silk. Once foolish people kept their blinds drawn lest the sun should fade their carpets; now they let the sunlight stream in to disinfect the rooms, and their pretty cretonnes are none the worse for it.

Artificial silk, like vita-glass, conducts the ultra-violet ray, which is so good for us, and so the poor people who cannot afford real silk are more healthily dressed than the rich. This is one of those queer, rare cases when a substitute is better than the real thing.

HOME, SWEET HOME

The Horse that Turned his Head

Observers of animals are well aware of the exceptional tenacity of a horse's memory as it applies to both places and persons. Does it also apply to sounds? This question arises out of a note we have received from a courteous Bournemouth reader.

In Rome some years ago (she says) an American lady told me that two young girls were driving through the city in a little hired carriage. While talking together they noticed that the horse repeatedly turned his head round as though trying to catch what was said or see the speakers.

When they alighted they called the driver's attention to the horse's behaviour, and he replied at once that the horse was attracted by the sound of "his native language." He had belonged to an English officer. Thereupon the ladies patted the horse and spoke to him, to his evident satisfaction.

Can it be (asks our correspondent) that the English horse was homesick in a foreign land, and that memories of the words he had heard from his English master came back to him?

THE OXFORD CREW



From top to bottom, N. E. Whiting (bow), P. Johnson, E. C. T. Edwards, J. D. W. Thomson, W. Rathbone, H. T. Kingsbury, T. W. Shaw, W. S. Llewellyn (stroke), and Sir J. Croft (coxswain)

MUSSOLINI AND HIS THOUSAND ISLAND EXILE FOR THE INTELLECTUALS

Stopping of the Boy Scout Movement

THE BOLSHEVIK ROAD TO ROME

It is the ambition of Mussolini to make a new and more glorious Italy: that we know on the best possible authority, his own. How is he doing it?

Two of his latest achievements stand out from all the rest. Nearly a thousand former Members of Parliament, barristers, professors, and men of intellectual distinction, have now been sent to live on barren islands where they can do nothing for Italy but suffer. They themselves are allowed a shilling a day to live on, and their families are left at home to do the best they can. Garibaldi had his Thousand, and they were the saviours of Italy; Mussolini has found another way for his Thousand, but they may yet be more powerful than he knows.

A Crime to Think

We do not believe that Italy, which has led the world in literature and art, can find no better use than this for the flower of her intellectual aristocracy today. To think, or to express one's thoughts, is a crime in Italy now. Italians must not think: they must do as they are told. But there is a Tomorrow to reckon with.

That is achievement number one. C.N. readers have a special interest in achievement number two.

The Boy Scout movement is one of the finest movements this century has seen. Nothing has more promise for the future happiness of the peoples of the world. Before the war it had obtained a firm hold in Italy. Though it began as unsectarian it became divided during the war, and there were Roman Catholic Scouts and National Scouts. But Mussolini's Party has its own organisation for Italian Youth, called the Balilla. The duty of members of the Balilla is not to think but to learn the Fascist catechism and to sing Fascist hymns, sometimes in praise of revolvers and daggers.

A Glorious Victory

And now all Boy Scout organisations have been formally dissolved by decree except those of the Roman Catholics in towns of over 20,000 inhabitants; and even these are to wear new emblems and become associated with the Balilla. All the National and Catholic Scouts in country districts and small towns have disappeared, and the Pope is evidently very doubtful whether the rest may not just as well follow them for all the good they can do.

The Pope has issued a solemn protest against the Fascist decree, and has himself dissolved the smaller troops so that they may obey him rather than the State in giving up their work; and he has given the rest his permission to dissolve if they find it difficult to go on. The Fascists have been celebrating their glorious victory in their usual way. Scores of Boy Scout headquarters all over Italy have been looted and burned!

Going the Way of Russia

Meanwhile the dragooning of the workers has gone steadily on, and the employers have been having their share, too, to their great surprise. All the employers and all the workers have been put under the control of local and national associations ruled by Fascists, just as they are controlled in Russia by the Bolsheviks.

The likeness has been recognised by the Communist extremists, who in Italy call themselves Syndicalists. It was against their attempts to nationalise

THE CHIEF SCOUT AND ELAKEE BUX

A friend of the C.N. who was once an officer in an Indian regiment sends us an amusing story about a native he knew.

There are always a number of native followers to any British regiment who serve the troops in various ways. When a regiment moves on to another station there is a general disturbance in the ranks of the followers, who do not always know whether to be glad or sorry that a change has come. But in any case they want to be sure of a living, and they beg for a little testimonial, known as a chit, from the regiment they have served, to be shown to the officers of the relieving regiment.

A Rival of Ananias

On the eve of departure the chits are served out, written in English, and are lovingly treasured by the recipients.

There are more ways than one of giving a chit, as the friend of the C.N. has now explained.

One of the native followers of a certain company of Guards came, according to custom, for his chit. He was a tailor, and, as we should say, thought no small beans of himself. He was duly handed a chit which was signed by a man, then ranking as captain, who became a famous officer, and is now one of the best-known men in England. The chit ran as follows:

Elakee Bux has been tailor to my squadron for six years, and as a rival of Ananias he has no equal.

Elakee Bux received his testimonial with many salaams and departed. He could not read English, but he was certain that the chit was nothing short of a mirror of his perfections. He took it to a native letter-writer to have it copied, and asked what it said. The letter-writer had not the foggiest notion who Ananias was, and got over the difficulty by saying Ananias was a great London tailor. It seemed to Elakee Bux that he need ask nothing more all his life long, and he went away swollen with a still greater conceit.

The Writer of the Chit

In the course of time this chit was handed to the friend of the C.N., then stationed in India and now living in Northumberland. It bore the marks of much folding and unfolding. Elakee was still vainglorious, but a little puzzled. He could not think why with such a testimonial great honours had not been showered on his head. The friend of the C.N. did not enlighten him. His own regiment eventually moved on, and the rival of Ananias passed out of his ken. But the writer of the chit has not yet passed out of the ken of mankind. He is still busy among us, and his name is Robert Baden-Powell, Chief Scout of the World.

Continued from the previous column

the factories that the original Fascist March on Rome was said to be directed, yet now we have the Trade Union leaders declaring that "the Fascist system is spontaneously undertaking a great Syndicalist experiment, and is prepared, if necessary, to fight against the prejudices and the interests of the capitalist classes."

What more could Lenin have promised? In the new order the prejudices of the workers will be as little regarded as the prejudices of the capitalists. In Italy as in Russia they will be ruled for their good by a fanatical minority. Why not? say the Fascists. Democracy has long been dead in Italy as in Russia; why continue to act as if it were still alive?

We shall see if the historic Italy that stood so high in the world can pass away like this; but all history is against these Dictatorships, however successful they seem for a time. In the end the People beat the Man.

THE KING'S LIONS A Fragment from the Early World

We cannot pass by another little note from Ur of the Chaldees, where Mr. Leonard Woolley and his staff are busy rewriting a few pages of history.

These archaeologists are changing all our ideas, but they have not yet settled one of the knottiest points that scholars have ever tackled. Was the cradle of the Euphrates or the cradle of the Nile the cradle of the human race?

So far it is impossible to tell. In the meantime Mr. Woolley has found a piece of stone sculpture which shows that the dwellers in Mesopotamia 5000 years ago were every bit as skilled as the Egyptians of the same period. The farther he goes back, in fact, the better is the work. He can find as yet no trace of the early development of a people, of uncouth hands at work.

The sculpture is part of a stone plaque made to hang on a wall. It shows four lions drawing a chariot. A man walks ahead of them and behind walks another holding the reins. Over the empty chariot a leopard skin is cast, and to the front are tied a battle-axe, a bow, and a quiverful of arrows. The sculpture is as clear as if it had been carved yesterday. It is the oldest the excavators have found.

Of what ancient king was this the armoury? Who was it the lions followed to the grave? Picture on page 7

BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS

What Anyone Can Do

How much we can all help to keep our country beautiful and how effective a protest is were effectively shown the other day by Professor Abercrombie, of Liverpool University, secretary of the new Society for the Preservation of Rural England. Professor Abercrombie is doing splendid service in stirring up the imagination of those who have the power of keeping the country beautiful. This is what he said the other day.

Houses should be an asset to the landscape; often it is chiefly a question of a judicious choice of material.

A few years ago, not far from Manchester, a brick extremely ugly in colour was being manufactured. A group of architects went to the manufacturers and showed them how, by a slight change in their methods, they could turn an ugly thing into a beautiful one, and actually at less cost. It was done.

In a village near Manchester, of which the inhabitants were justly proud; a butcher erected a building which was simply execrable with its variety of coloured tiles. The inhabitants took so much exception to it that they boycotted the shop. On learning the cause the butcher was extremely apologetic and surprised, for, in spending three times more than necessary, he had really thought he was doing his bit toward adding to the beauty of the place.

THE GOOD FRIEND OF ANIMAL CRIPPLES

A surgical bootmaker of Burnley has had to make some strange things in his time, but the queerest commissions of all have not been given him for the sake of human cripples.

The other day he was asked to make a set of leather boots for a prize-bred Alsatian, because it suffered from chilblains and the veterinary surgeon said its feet must be kept dry. Not long ago he came to the aid of another four-footed pet, a sheepdog that had lost a paw in an accident on a farm. Neighbours advised the owner to shoot the poor beast, but he decided to consult Mr. Crossley of surgical instrument fame first, so the dog was taken to Burnley, and soon afterwards was scampering about on an artificial foot!

THE GREAT SEAL The Vital Treasure of the Nation

WHAT THE KING CANNOT DO WITHOUT

A fire once broke out in the house of a great man who was England's Lord Chancellor in those days. His first thought was to save the Great Seal, for the Lord Chancellor is responsible for its keeping and State business cannot go on without it. So the Chancellor buried it in a flower-bed and then helped to bring out of the burning house pictures by famous artists, jewellery, rare books, and paper money.

When the fire was put out and the excitement was over the Chancellor tried to dig up the Great Seal, but he had forgotten the exact place of burial! There was not a more miserable man in the world. The whole household was down on its knees grubbing in the flower-beds till at last it was discovered.

We are reminded of this story by the news that a new Great Seal is being made. This is necessary because the King has changed his title now that the Irish Free State has been placed among the Dominions. When the Royal Proclamation of the changed title is made the new Great Seal will be used for the first time.

A Symbol of Authority

The Great Seal of England is nothing like the seals that dangle from watch-chains or are worn as signet-rings. It is in the form of two silver moulds hinged together, and is nearly three inches across. Its imprint on sealing-wax is as much a symbol of authority as a crown or sceptre. Without it the King cannot make treaties, grant charters, summon Parliaments, or appoint Colonial governors. Unlike the mace, it is no bauble. It must never leave the realm, and the Lord Chancellor cannot go abroad unless a special commission is appointed to keep the seal for him.

In all the plays of Shakespeare there is no moment where worldly pride is more bitterly punished than in the scene where Henry the Eighth's messenger comes to demand the Great Seal, and Wolsey realises that all his power and glory have come to an end.

LIGHTING UP INDIA'S VILLAGES

Electricity for the Peasant

We are still waiting for electricity in our English villages; and it seems that India may race us on the way to the Electric Age.

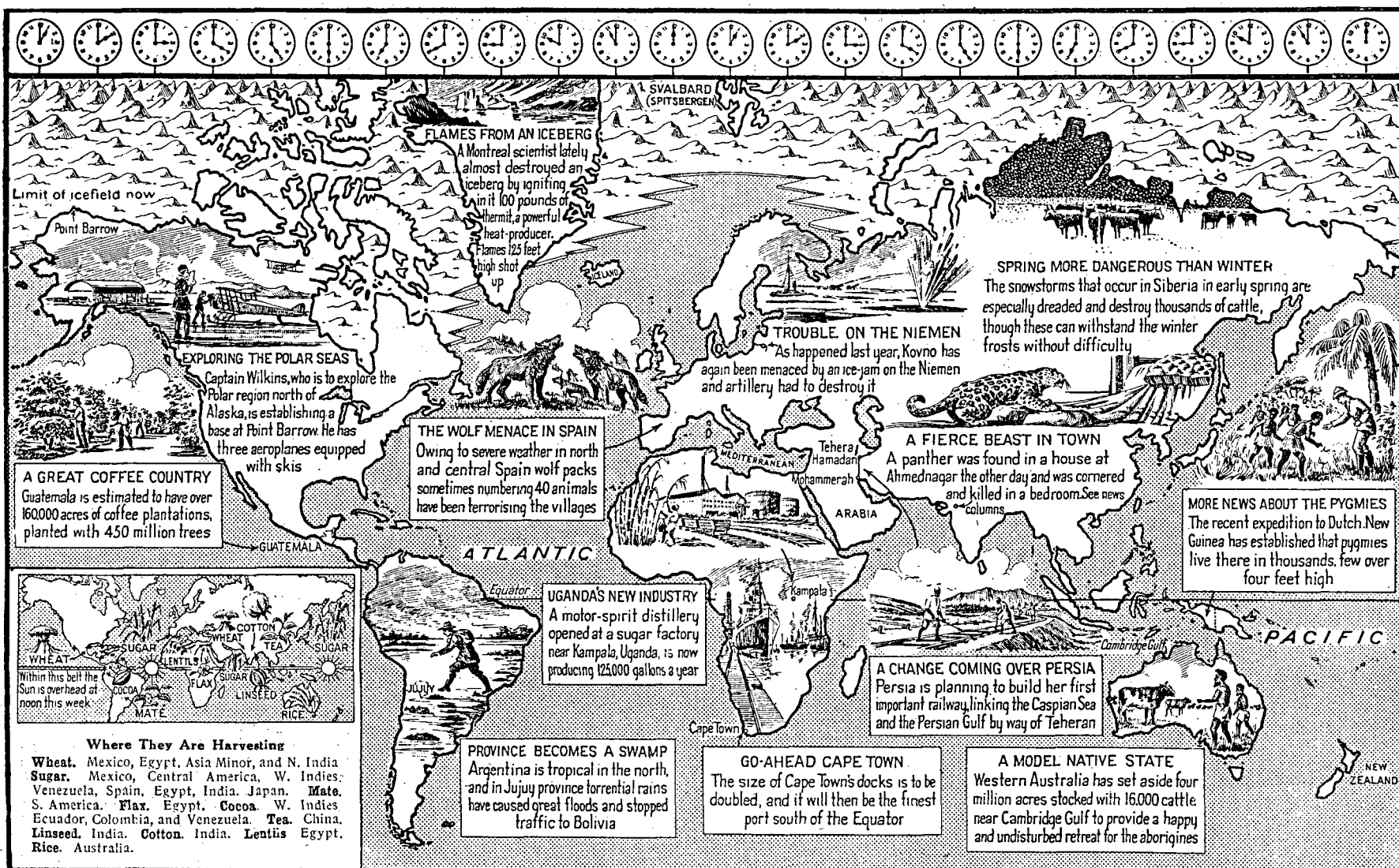
The British Government, so slow at home, has in India adopted many schemes to help the peasant in his struggles against poverty.

It is now trying to harness the big rivers in the Punjab, and by means of irrigation canals is making the desert fertile. A big canal was constructed under the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon from a river called the Chenab, and subdivided into smaller canals, covering an area of 34 million acres; of this nearly three million acres are under cultivation. When the rest is watered this district will be the largest wheat-producing section in the world.

Another great scheme which the Punjab Government is beginning to work upon is the harnessing of another big river called the Sutlej as it emerges from the mountains for the supplying of electricity over a length of 300 miles. A big artificial lake, five square miles in area, has been formed, and from a waterfall attached to it electricity will be generated for light and power.

It is hoped that every village in that neighbourhood of 300 miles will have electric light, and that the old oil, earthen lamps will pass away for ever. Electric looms will be fixed in the homes of the villagers, and they will be able to produce cloth for a central depot, and thus avoid overcrowding in cities.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PHARAOH'S OLD NURSE

A Little Tomb and Its Story

The ancient Egyptians were very much like modern Europeans after all.

Often we see little notices in the personal columns of newspapers put there as a tribute to some dear old Nannie beloved by all the family for many years, and Robert Louis Stevenson is not the only famous man to honour his nurse. It seems that the Pharaohs had much the same sort of hearts.

When Mr. Robert Mond, of the Archaeological Institute of Liverpool University, was working at Luxor he discovered a little tomb which was like no other. He deciphered the inscription and found that it belonged to the nurse of the Fourth Pharaoh, Thothmes. On the walls of the tomb were pictures of a woman with a baby on her knee.

She must have been a happy woman and very proud of her nursling, who was a terribly great king to all Egypt, but only a grown-up child to her. All her life he kept her in comfort at his Court, and he gave her honoured burial when her days were done.

Such a discovery pleases us more than all the golden treasures of Tutankhamen.

A PLOUGHMAN'S WATCH

A Year in a Field

After a twelvemonth of repose in a ploughed field a ploughman's watch has been picked up, and is going as well as if it had been in his pocket all the time.

The ploughman lost it while he was ploughing, and searched fruitlessly for it. Yet he has now found it lying on the top of a furrow. Since it was lost the field has been ploughed twice, harrowed, and drilled, and has yielded a crop of potatoes.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aegean	E-je-an
Bootes	Bo-o-teez
Juivy	Hoo-hwe
Ulysses	U-lis-seez

KING TAMI

His Right There is None to Dispute

*I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.*

The boast that Cowper put into the mouth of Alexander Selkirk may be repeated with equal justice by Tami Solomon, King of the Moriori colonists of New Zealand, for he is the only Moriori left of them all.

King Tami was received by the Duke of York during his visit to Christchurch. He weighs 28 stone, so he is king of a considerable amount of humanity after all! The Morioris came from the Chatham Islands a long time ago, but were practically wiped out by their kinsmen the Maoris, as the Maoris have had to give place in turn to the British.

The Morioris were an unlucky race even in their native Chatham Islands, for a hundred years ago a European ship landed 800 Maoris from New Zealand, and the wiping-out process was repeated there. By the middle of last century there were less than a hundred in a population of 1200. Today Maoris and Morioris together in the Chatham Islands number only a little over 200, and these are mostly Maoris.

THE PEACEMAKERS

Scouts Who Have No Quarrel

It is good to hear that in spite of the anti-foreign feeling in China Chinese Boy Scouts and their foreign brothers in China are on the best of terms.

They have just held a combined Jamboree, which British and Chinese Scout Commissioners attended. In his speech the Chinese Commissioner spoke of the fine spirit of brotherhood which had grown up between the Chinese and Foreign Boy Scouts in Shanghai.

Foreign Scouts were invited to join with Chinese in scouting games, and a football match was arranged.

ROWING FOR DEAR LIFE

The Woman Who Saved Her Neighbour

In New Guinea there lived a white woman, and one day she thought she would like to pay a call on the only neighbour she had within hundreds of miles, so she made the journey, and it was well that she did. The other woman's husband had gone on a two months' trip into the jungle, and in his absence she had become dangerously ill.

The nearest doctor was 200 miles away. The visitor decided to get her friend to him, but before she could persuade the natives to help her she had to brandish a revolver. By means of threats and promises of gifts she at last got together a crew, and the sick woman was lifted into a native boat.

The journey from Kikori to Port Moresby took three days, and in all that time the brave woman did not sleep, for she had to be both the nurse and protector of her sick friend.

They arrived in safety, and the doctor told the sick woman that her friend had saved her life. It was all the reward the friend desired.

AN OLD HOUSE TURNS OVER

A NEW LEAF

Nasty people can become converted into nice people; and nasty places can be changed in the same way.

There used to be a public-house which stood at the corner of a street in Chelsea; it is now the place where a clever group of women potters, led by Miss Muriel Raper, produce tiny models of china houses. Here all the famous houses in English history are modelled in clay, fired, and coloured. Here you may have a four-inch copy of your own home made, or you may buy Ann Hathaway's cottage. Here there is beauty where there was ugliness, and we congratulate the old house on having turned over a new leaf.

THE LITTLE LAMP AND ITS TREASURES

Sharing the World's Good Things

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, who has represented Britain more than once at Geneva, has been telling of the fine work of the International Committee of Intellectual Cooperation. The committee has its headquarters in Paris, and Mrs. Lyttelton describes what she saw there.

Going round the sections I saw an invention newly brought from Belgium which seemed a very good symbol of what the Institute is trying to do. A small metal column stood on a table, topped by a kind of cylinder, in which a lamp was burning. A little roll of photographic films, costing a few pennies, was put into the lamp, and at once a magnified reproduction of an ancient piece of decorated leather was thrown, either on the wall or on a sheet of white paper on the writing-table. The original treasure belongs to a Brussels museum.

Think what it would mean if in the future, for a few pennies, you could buy a film containing photographs of rare embroideries, prints, manuscripts, and be able to study them at your leisure in your own home for any length of time. Just as wireless waves bring sounds to us, and television may bring actions, so will these little lamps bring into our houses artistic treasures which most of us have never seen and never will.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A painting by El Greco . . .	£441
A drawing by Samuel Palmer .	£346
Portrait of Lord Nelson by Rising	£162
Panel of old Italian velvet . .	£84
A William III silver paten . .	£81
An early Lowestoft pounce pot	£52
Chinese yellow silk table cover.	£31
A racquet of Suzanne Lenglen .	£30

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 2

1927

The School

THOSE of us who have any grit at all will stand up for our school through thick and thin.

A school is like a family. Its members may have a few differences among themselves. That young brother may be a bit of a nuisance at times, but anyone outside who attacks him has to deal with all the family. Every school should be to its own members the best school of all, like Sir Henry Newbolt's:

We'll honour yet the school we knew,
The best school of all;
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best school of all.

We should like the day to come when every boy in a Council School will have a pride in it as real as that which we expect to find in those who belong to one of the ancient Public Schools. When such a day comes one Member of Parliament may declare with true pride that he was an Etonian, and another, with no less pride, that he belonged to Smith Street Council School.

It should not be a matter altogether of age, though it is a great thing to belong to a school with memories of the centuries around it. It should certainly not be a matter of wealth or social position. There is no reason why all Council Schools should not receive, as many do receive, the loyal affection of their present scholars and their old boys. Loyalty given to a school is its growing glory. It gives the school a character of its own, of which those who come into its life will become aware. We may inherit a great tradition and keep it alive, or we may make a tradition for a new school.

Loyalty to school is a fine preparation for loyalty to our city and to our country. We find how great a thing it is to sink ourselves in the school, to make our own all its triumphs and defeats, and so to carry forward into life its spirit. The boy who is loyal to his school will be likely to prove loyal to his country, and the man who is loyal to his own land will be in the end the truest citizen of the world.

When that noble woman Dr. Elsie Inglis was nearing the end of her life her friends said to her how proud she must be of the work she had been able to do in Serbia and Rumania and other places in the terrible days of the war. "Not I, but my unit," she answered.

That is the spirit we should cherish at school. It is not we who do things but our unit. The school is our unit. To it we pledge our loyalty. The secret of life lies in its loyalties, and there can be no finer thing than loyalty to the old school.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Surprises of the Town

THE town has its surprises too. Here are two from the Strand.

Crossing the road between the waiting vehicles a well-dressed lady, about to step on to the kerb, stepped back among the vehicles as if she had forgotten something, and touched the rim of the wheel of a taxi-cab.

It is months ago, and we have not yet been able to make up our mind what was in her mind.

The other surprise was during the railing off of one side of the Strand near Waterloo Bridge. The railed-off area was conspicuously clear at lunch-time, and in the centre of it, with all the buses and taxis and walkers passing in full view, a man sat down and, with utter unconcern, tucked up his trousers and pulled up his socks.

The Old Composer Listens-In

A VERY sad account has been given of the failing health of Mr Frederick Delius, who has been declared "beyond all doubt the greatest of living composers and the greatest British composer of any period."

Whether this opinion is justified or not the genius of Mr. Delius cannot be denied, and it is sad to know that he is now blind and paralysed.

What interests us particularly in Sir Thomas Beecham's praise of Mr. Delius is a curious little fact that we have not seen noted elsewhere. Sir Thomas Beecham was the other day about to abandon England in disgust because we are allowing wireless to kill music, "no true musician having any respect for wireless." After shaking the dust of England from his feet with this weighty declaration Sir Thomas wrote an appeal for Mr. Delius, whom he considers the greatest living composer, and a journalist who went to see the blind composer found him with one delight now left to him in life—his eight-valve wireless set! Will Sir Thomas Beecham be disgusted? We wonder.

A Fine House for Everybody

AN estimate has just been made of the amount our people spend on Drink. It is now about 315 million pounds sterling a year.

This means that the consumption is over seven pounds for every man, woman, and child. For a family of five this is a drink bill of nearly twelve shillings a week.

It is possible to say many things about these figures, but we will be content with this observation, that if the money were spent on housing every family in the country would have a fine house with a garden round it.

You will find in others and in your environment the things you have in your consciousness. Lowell Fillmore

Not for Sale

WE like this story told about Mr. Charles Schwab, the great American steelmaker. During the war he made munitions for us, and one day the British Embassy intercepted a cable from Germany ordering the Germans in America to offer Mr. Schwab any money he liked if he would break his British contract.

Mr. Barton Hepburn, financial adviser to the British Embassy, came to Mr. Schwab and said that if it were money he wanted Britain could give as much as Germany. But Mr. Schwab's honour was not for sale. The American looked at him quietly and replied, "Neither in Germany nor in England is there enough money to make me break my word."

Tip-Cat

TIME belongs to the things that seem, not to the things that are. Except when you are catching a train.

You cannot give a message, we are told, till you have one to give. The same rule applies to taking one.

THERE are said to be too many Civil Servants. And some of them are not even that.

THE top hat is said to have no redeeming feature. Yet, though it has a nap, it has nothing to snore with.

SCIENCE promises that smoke and dirt will soon be banished from the land. Then, at last, we shall see a clean sweep.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If airmen are applauded by thunderclaps

HARD beds are said to be healthy. They very rarely become sick-beds.

VEGETARIANS never lose their tempers. So it is no use their having any.

ONE trouble with the world is that there are too

many people blowing a horn instead of using a brake when they see a pedestrian.

THE turtle lives longer than those who consume it in soup. Only when it has had a long start.

SOME political leaders are said to be gifted in the concealment of their finer qualities. Some hide them so well that they can't find them.

THE craze for cross-word puzzles is said to show we have more mental ability than we can utilise. Compliment for winners only.

For Gloomy Gilbert

From Cheerful Peter

You feel as sad as heart can be?

Then rule a page in two,

On one side write a list of wrongs

That folk have done to you.

Against it make another list,

Good turns and friendly acts:

You'll own the world is full of friends

When once you face the facts.

My Window

By Our Country Girl

MY attic window used to frame A far-off hill without a name, And on its summit I could see A little lonely, lovely tree.

Across two miles of hill and dale He looked no taller than my nail, But clearly could I see him there, With lace-like boughs all grey and bare,

Till springtime brought a cloak of green,

That autumn gave a golden sheen.

We greeted every day till now,

I waved a hand and he a bough;

But someone built a house so high

Its chimneys trespass on the sky

And evermore shut off from me

My little friend, my far-off tree.

If robbers took my purse or rings

I'd pardon those who stole such things,

But never can my anger end

Against the thief who stole my friend.

A Tear Falls in a Tram

Our story of Professor Blackie and the one-handed student reminds a correspondent of a similar incident in Northampton, which he describes in this note.

I SAT chatting with a friend in a tram when a lady passing accidentally gave my friend a rather hard knock on his ankle with her foot. She at once apologised with "I'm sorry," and my friend, with a smile which I quite understood, said "Don't mention it, Madam; no harm done!"

Soon afterwards my friend left the tram, when I remarked to the lady "He did not feel that knock a bit." "Why not?" she asked. "Well," I replied, "that was an artificial leg you kicked; he lost his real one in the war. That was why he took so long to get it out of your way; he had to lift it up with his hand." Tears now came into the lady's eyes; she was evidently more sorry now that she knew she could not have given my friend a bit of pain! Just sentiment, some may say; but is it not an odd thing that this kind lady would have been more pleased if my friend had felt the pain?

The Camp Prayer of the Polish Guides

O God, we thank Thee for this great Universe, our home; for its vastness and its riches, and for the manifoldness of the life which teems upon it, of which we are a part.

We praise Thee for the arching sky and the blessed winds, for the driving clouds and the stars on high. We praise Thee for the salt sea and the running water of the rivers, for the everlasting hills, for the trees, and for the grass under our feet. We thank Thee for our senses, by which we can see the splendour of the morning and hear the jubilant songs of love, and smell the breath of spring.

Grant us, we pray Thee, a heart wide open to all this joy and beauty, and save our souls from being steeped in care, darkened by passion, lest we pass heedless and unseeing when the thornbush by the wayside is aflame with Thy glory. Amen.

April 2, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

ONE MORE DANGER SPOT GOING

PASSING OF THE SAAR TROUBLE

League Council Paves the Way for Better Things

FRENCH GARRISON LEAVING

One of the most remarkable meetings of the League Council was that just held at Geneva.

To begin with the German Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, was in the chair for the first time, and won golden opinions by his conduct there and the conciliatory spirit, the true League spirit, he showed. In the second place one of the most difficult questions left to the League by the war was threshed out in public debate and brought a long step nearer to a final solution.

The Treaty of Versailles gave France the possession of the coal mines of the Saar basin for 15 years and put the territory under the League, providing that at the end of that period Germany might buy back the mines and the inhabitants should decide by a vote whether they wished it to go back to German rule or become part of France. That vote is only eight years off now, and everybody knows which way it will go, for the population is almost entirely German, and the French have not succeeded in winning its affection.

The Commission of Five

The League governs the Saar through a Commission of Five, one a Frenchman and another an inhabitant of the Saar. Till lately the Frenchman has been chairman, and all along France has managed to have a majority of sympathisers. One result has been that a French garrison has remained there quite unnecessarily.

At last, at the League Council meeting just ended, the Commission submitted a proposal that the French garrison should be withdrawn and its place taken by a special force of 800 British, French, and Belgian troops to guard the railway communications of the French Army of Occupation on the Rhine running through the Saar basin. This new force is strongly disapproved throughout Germany as both illegal and unnecessary, and the Saar representative refused to vote for it.

An Emergency Force

Unfortunately, it was evident to Dr. Stresemann that he would be out-voted if he resisted the whole scheme; so after a protest he accepted a compromise. He secured a promise that the total of 800 should be reduced immediately it should prove not to be needed, that the rest of the French troops should be definitely withdrawn, and that the 800 should be used only on the railways except in the greatest emergency.

What probably led him to come to an agreement was a realisation that the whole thing must come to an end very soon. As soon as final formalities regarding German disarmament have been completed Germany will ask for the withdrawal of the Allied Army of Occupation on the Rhine, and by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles the request will have to be granted.

Now Instead of 1935

France will then have no further need of communications through the Saar basin, and if Germany is ready to pay for the return of the Saar mines now instead of in 1935 there will be no valid reason for refusing.

The public opinion of Europe will certainly welcome an early settlement. The Saar has been a danger spot from the first, a stupid plan, only justified as an alternative to the out-and-out annexation demanded by France. It is because the agreement just made at Geneva about the troops does pave the way to such a settlement that it has been so widely welcomed.

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

A FRIEND of the C.N. went the other day to a London Lost Dogs' Home thinking that there she might perhaps find a puppy of a certain breed, or else a cheerful mongrel.

She went into the yard along which the kennels were ranged and wondered how long she could bear the noise. It had not occurred to her that a lost dog is generally restless and unhappy, and talks about its unhappiness at the top of its voice.

She went from one enclosure to another. There was no dog of the breed she wanted, none that looked as if it could share a joke, given a running chance. Feeling rather sad, she was about to leave when a casualty was brought to one of the smaller kennels.

It was a terrier that had been hurt, and she felt she would like to borrow

it and nurse it back to health. She stood for a few minutes, watching.

Then she saw a girl enter the yard with that look on her face the attendants know so well. Suddenly the girl's face changed. She had caught sight of the little wounded terrier. The friend of the C.N. smiled. She saw the look of misery go out of the dog's eyes, heard an eager bark instead of the unhappy whine. She thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than the meeting of those two friends.

The terrier licked its lady's hands and looked up at her face as if to say "I'd bear it all again, and much more, for this."

The friend of the C.N. watched the pair a little way, feeling glad that at any rate one dog that day had been made happy.

FOLLOWING HIS KING 5000 YEARS AGO



This quaint little fellow, a citizen of Ur of the Chaldees, was carved in stone over 5000 years ago. He is following the chariot of a king to the grave, and this fragment of the representation of the scene is the oldest sculpture known from Mesopotamia. It has just been found at Ur in the excavations by Mr. Leonard Woolley which have been described from time to time in the C.N. See page 4

A SEA TALE OF A COD

A BIG cod that was brought, perhaps unwillingly, to Lowestoft in the net of a trawler, lived, as Dr. Johnson says, to point a moral or adorn a tale.

This strange cod was without eyes. It seemed at first sight as if it had never had eyes at all; and that is the strangest thing of all, because though blind specimens have been found among freshwater fish in caves which never see the light of day and among the strange fish which inhabit the deep sea where it is as black as night, a naturally blind cod, without sight organs, is unknown.

It was because of this peculiarity that the Lowestoft cod became a matter of public interest, and its tale was told to a

marine biologist learned in the ways of fish. It was this scientific man who furnished the moral to the tale by telling how the cod managed to make a living even when handicapped by the loss of sight. It felt for its food with its barbel, or beard, that hangs below its chin, and which it runs along the floor of the sea like a miniature trawl net, sweeping up the tiny fish, the crustaceans, the worms, the molluscs, on which it feeds.

Thus necessity is the mother of invention among fishes as well as among men. Perhaps there is a deeper moral. The proverb says that God builds the nest of the blind bird. He also supplies the table of the blind cod.

PLAYING WITH THE FILMS

THE WRONG WAY OF DOING RIGHT

Government's Queer Point of View in a Great Scandal

DO WE WANT BAD BRITISH FILMS?

All good citizens know that grave evils have crept into the great kinema industry, and were glad, therefore, when the Government announced that it would bring in a Kinematograph Films Bill. But its proposals are bitterly disappointing, for they do practically nothing to lessen the evils.

What has distressed us all is the low tone and poor quality of many of the films shown in England and throughout the Empire, films that do infinite harm, not only to our own people at home but to our fellow-subjects everywhere, especially the native races of Asia and Africa, who gain from them quite a wrong idea of the aims and ideals of the white races. Realising this, it was hoped that the Government would find a way to keep out the bad films and encourage the good ones.

Quality Ignored

But the Government Bill does not do that; it makes no attempt to do it. It is concerned not with the quality of the films at all, but with *where they come from*. Its whole aim is simply to secure that more British films shall be shown.

Now, it is quite true that most of the bad films come from abroad, because most films of any kind come from abroad; but bad films made at home would be just as harmful as bad films made abroad. Moreover, there are good films from abroad, from Germany, from Italy, and even from America. So long as these continue to be better than the British films, as they mostly are, we want to see them more than we want to see British films, and there is nothing unpatriotic in wanting them.

Let the Best Man Win

It is said that American dealers make unfair conditions in selling their films here, demanding that people who take anything from them shall take them in bundles, as it were, without being allowed to choose and even without seeing them. They must show unknown films, rubbish or not. That is ridiculous, and the new Bill tries to stop this. It seems equally ridiculous that the film trade could not have stopped it long ago.

Given a fair field, it is to the national interest to let the best man win, be he British or foreign; and if British firms cannot get their share of public support in fair competition they ought not to get it at all. It is humiliating to have it said that British films cannot stand up to foreign competition.

The Empire's Resources

It is said that our climate and atmosphere are a handicap in film-making, but it is nonsense. There is every kind of climate and atmosphere in the British Empire; let our film studio builders take their choice. What our producers want is brains and courage.

What is needed for the kinema is not a ring fence, but enterprise, imagination, and vision. Instead of asking for a law that 25 per cent of the films shown here shall be British (*whether they are good or not*) let Englishmen make such good films that there shall be a demand, not merely for 25 per cent, but for 50 or 75 per cent of British films, not only in Britain but everywhere! This Bill may compel exhibitors to show a film, whether it is good or not, merely because it is British, and the result will be that, the kinema industry being in the hands of men with no vision, British films of poor quality will have an unfair chance against foreign films of high quality. Let the British film industry stop whining and get to work.

TWO GIRLS IN A BOAT

WHERE THEY WENT AND WHAT THEY SAW

A Few Pages from the Diary of a Sailing Expedition

INTREPID TRAVELLERS

The C.N. has already been interested in the remarkable voyage of two young French girls, Marthe Oulié and Hermine de Saussure, in their little sailing-vessel *Perlette*. The girls have now published a diary of their expedition among the islands of the Aegean Sea.

From the age of 13 they had been learning Greek, and their imagination saw between the lines of their books wild and blue landscapes, troops of goats with twisted horns, doors of marble, fig trees along the old roads. They had been told that Greece was nothing but rocks and pebbles, but they sailed away believing they would find the beloved Greece of their dreams. They did. We give a few passages taken from their diary.

The Rock of Amorgos

This is what the girls tell us of a famous hill, the Rock of Amorgos:

"If we fell it would mean to roll perhaps 900 feet down without a tree or a branch to clutch hold of. Some turns and zigzags and suddenly a steep staircase bring you higher again; a white mass on the heights stands out on the reddish wall of the cliffs above it. It is the monastery, founded in the twelfth century. An enormous pulley is suspended in the air; formerly provisions and visitors were pulled up by it. Now we can obtain access by the single door. Then comes a labyrinth of cool and dark staircases, of passages and cells, contrasting greatly with the dazzling white terraces in the hot sun.

Between Sky and Sea

"In olden days a hundred monks lived here; now there are five or six monks only. The usual Greek hospitality was offered to us, as if we had been for long expected, and here we passed a few hours, suspended between the sky and the sea, among books as old as Charlemagne, among people without age, people not knowing what day or what month it was, perhaps not even what year."

Next they reached a still more famous island with a still more famous monastery:

"To see Mount Athos as near as possible was one of our most cherished plans; for nothing feminine (neither woman, sheep, nor fowl!) is allowed to enter any of those hundreds of small buildings which for ten centuries have been grouped on the dizzy heights of the peninsula.

A Forbidden Shore

"The monastery of Mount Athos, which might be a whole village, is composed of many buildings, some with thatched roofs, others of coloured wood, like Venetian houses.

"As we were in want of water one of us could not resist landing on this forbidden shore. The gate was shut, but a few monks were sitting on a balcony, and, much bewildered, they whispered together with many gestures. But the girl, seeing some workmen, entrusted them with cans for water.

"Do you know you are the first woman to land here?" they exclaimed. "Of what country are you?"

"I am a Frenchwoman."

"Ah! A Frenchwoman. We shall remember you."

Now they are at Patmos, the island on which John is said to have written Revelation. It is a hospitable place:

"All the afternoon we were taken from house to house, each time being offered a small cup of Turkish coffee and a large glass of water, or even a

EXPLORERS AMONG THE PYGMIES

A World Beyond the Songs of Birds

BACK IN THE STONE AGE

The Pygmies of the mountains of Dutch New Guinea have received their first white visitors in their village homes, and they have parted the best of friends.

These visitors were one American and two Dutch explorers. Readers of the C.N. have heard of the earlier adventures of these explorers and how they penetrated, with the aid of an aeroplane, the hitherto impenetrable marshy jungle which stretches along the north coast from the sea to the foot of the mountains.

The last part of their journey was through difficult mountain country in which there were no signs of human or animal occupation, no sounds of birds, and very few insects. Then they came to a gently sloping river valley in which animal life flourished. The first sign of human habitation was a faint trail along the riverside. Soon they came upon stumps of trees cut down by stone axes. They were back in the Stone Age!

A Good Word for the Pygmies

Then they came to a shelter made of bark built on the edge of a high bank. Beyond that the river entered a gorge with high cliffs on either side, scarcely forty yards apart, and across the gorge was a suspension bridge made of stems of rattan palm. Four hours' climbing brought them to the first Pygmy village.

Dr. Stirling, the leader of the expedition, says he found the Pygmies very quiet and unobtrusive and not in the least timid, seeming thoroughly to trust the good intentions of their visitors. They are energetic agriculturists, among their crops being a kind of white sweet potato and other roots, sugar-cane, raspberries, tobacco, and many unknown plants.

Conversing by Signs

Their implements are all of stone, and their chief weapons are bows and arrows. They showed little interest in the knives the explorers offered them in exchange for food, but they kept them well fed during the three months of their visit. Dr. Stirling notes the curious fact that groups of Pygmies living near each other could not understand each other's language, but had developed an elaborate sign language in which they conversed fluently.

The expedition is now ended, and its members have returned, taking to America a huge collection of plant, insect, and bird life of New Guinea. The expedition occupied eight months, penetrated 250 miles, and climbed to a height of 9000 feet.

Continued from the previous column

spoonful of jam. Next day a boat accosted us; in it were girls bringing us eggs, milk, fruit, and hot bread. So it continued every day. For a week we were loaded with all the products of the island.

"The farewell was touching; all the women kissed us, with tears in their eyes. The children gave us their little crosses of wood and pictures of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of Greek sailors, in order that we should have a safe crossing."

The two intrepid travellers have not been disappointed by their glimpse of Greece. At every part of the journey there was given to them the welcome given of old to Ulysses; the same salutations were made to them, the same questions were put to them: "Whence do you come? How have you come? Who are you?" And when their wandering spirit drew them into the mountains in the evening the people stretched on the ground of their huts beautiful coverlets woven and embroidered by their women's hands, as in the days of Ulysses.

KEEP THE COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL

GOOD THINGS AND BAD THINGS ON THE ROAD

The Ugly Petrol Pump and the Beautiful History Post

ALL EYES ON THESE THINGS

Two more things it seems desirable to call attention to on our country roads, a good one and a bad one.

Mr. Arthur H. Pollen has already written about the bad one to *The Times*: it is a question the C.N. has often had in mind—the Petrol Pump.

The Petrol Pump is one of the inventions of our time. It may be said to have been brought into existence very largely by the beauty of the countryside, for where would our motor-cars have been today if England had been a rubbish-heap instead of a garden of lovely things?

A Great Example

What a pity, then, that this Petrol Pump should itself be among our enemies! It is surely the ugliest thing that has been set up in thousands in these last few years. Are the great petrol firms so poor in imagination that, having a clever idea, they cannot clothe it well? Cannot one of them afford to send a cheque for a hundred guineas to Sir Edwin Lutyens, who would design for them a little house for the Petrol Pump which would be a joy to see and make us want to buy more petrol?

Let the petrol companies take note of a splendid thing Liberty's have done in Great Marlborough Street, where they have given four street lamps of carved oak for the Westminster City Council to set up. It is a beautiful idea; it is a public service; it is a great example to all who wish to stand well in the public eye.

The Chief Scout's Idea

The good point we should like to call attention to is the promising development of an idea the C.N. was busy with some years ago, the setting up of History Posts throughout our storied land. The Daily Mail has greatly interested itself in the subject, and has secured the cooperation of the Royal Automobile Club, so that any local authority can now obtain a dignified signboard with the name of the village and what to see in it for the very reasonable sum of fifty shillings.

But the Daily Mail is mistaken in imagining that the idea is new. It is perhaps six years since the Chief Scout set up a History Post in his village of Bentley, in Hampshire. It is in the form of an open book, and shows a plan of the village and its points of interest.

Ringmer's Beautiful Signpost

Far the most beautiful signpost of this kind, however, is that presented by Lady Demetriadi to the village of Ringmer, in Sussex. It is a most admirable artistic achievement. It not only shows that Hastings is 27 miles from Ringmer, but it has a picture of Gilbert White's tortoise, which lived at Ringmer for 46 years before its shell was put into the British Museum; and it bears the names of John Harvard and William Penn, who both found their wives in Ringmer. On two sides are bronze tablets containing descriptions of the pictures.

The credit for the first really beautiful History Signpost seems to us to belong to Lady Demetriadi, and now that the inspiration of the Ringmer Signpost has travelled far and wide we hope it will not be long before such a post is set up in every village that has something to be proud of. We should learn to love our country more and more if we were conscious of its great places as we pass through them.

THE PLAYWRIGHT WHO NEVER LIVED

HOW CETOFF WAS MADE FAMOUS

Turning the Tables on the Italian Critics

A JOURNALIST'S REVENGE

Luigi Bonelli has been harmlessly revenging himself on the Italian critics.

He is an Italian journalist, well known in the literary circles of Rome. Luigi wanted to write plays and become famous as an author, but no one knew better than he the dismal truth about the prophet without honour in his own land.

He knew that if he wrote a play the critics would say "Bonelli's business is journalism. How can he possibly write a play?" He thought they would pat him on the back and give him the kind of mild, patronising praise which is much worse than bitter denunciation.

A New Playwright

Bonelli laid his plans and said nothing. Two years ago a play was produced in Rome which bore the name of a Russian, Wassilli Cetoff. It had a great success, and soon went on tour in the provinces. Other plays followed by Cetoff, all translated by Luigi Bonelli. The journalist was questioned about his Russian, and it was understood that the playwright, after the manner of genius, preferred to live apart from the madding crowd.

Luigi told stories of having discussed these plays at Capri and other interesting places. After the fifth play was produced all Rome was overcome with grief to hear that the great, mysterious Russian who had delighted them with his irony and comedy had gone down at sea.

After that they thought more of the plays than ever. Any new writer who pleased the critics was liable to be praised as having a touch of the powerful Cetoffian genius.

The Secret Out

A sixth play by Cetoff has now been produced, translated by Luigi Bonelli, and this time the Italian critics set out to find the truth concerning the mysterious Russian. They are wishing now that they had let sleeping dogs lie, for they have found the truth, and it is not to their liking!

They have learned that Wassilli Cetoff was a pen-name of the journalist Luigi Bonelli, and although they know quite well in their inmost hearts that they would never have given to the Cetoff plays such open-minded judgment had they merely borne the name of Bonelli they are, nevertheless, a bit touchy. They know that all the literary folk of Italy are laughing. It is as well not to mention Cetoff if you meet them in the street.

As for Bonelli, his fame is assured. He has had his joke. But he has also had the just reward due to hard work and genius.

A GOOD JOKE

The Nonsense of Tandy

The other day Chief Petty Officer Harry Tandy was presented with a silver cigarette-case and £25 for a joke.

He is not a comedian and the award was not made by a theatrical manager. Some time ago H.M.S. *Valerian* foundered in a gale off Bermuda, and the sailors who escaped on rafts suffered much hardship. Tandy kept swimming from one raft to another, saying he had come to pay a call and rallying the spirits of his comrades by talking nonsense and singing cheery songs with a chorus. It was a joke well worth £25.

ANIMAL'S HEAD LIKE A MOTOR-CAR

What a Few Teeth Tell Us

Much interest was created a few months ago by the news of the discovery of the remains of monstrous animals in the State of Sonora in Mexico. They have now been examined.

One was the tooth of an alosaurus, an animal in some respects like a crocodile, but of colossal size. This tooth, of which only the top part is complete, is twelve inches long and four inches wide, and in its incomplete state it weighs over six pounds. It belonged to a creature sixteen feet high. Another tooth was twelve inches long and seven inches wide.

According to calculations by veterinary surgeons and dentists the complete set of teeth belonging to one of these huge beasts must have weighed nearly a quarter of a ton. Its head could not have been less than a good-sized motor-car, and the total weight of this monster must have been scores of tons.

The University of California has interested itself in these discoveries, and is exploring the region where the teeth were brought to light.

BULL RING BUTCHERS

Tearing the Horses to Pieces

With the reopening of the bull-fighting season in Spain has come the first test of the attempt to prevent a little bit of its cruelty.

As C.N. readers know, General Primo de Rivera decreed that all horses used against bulls must wear a kind of armour to protect them from the horns of the bull; but at the first bullfight of the season in Madrid most of the cuirasses were either pierced or torn, and none of them, of course, prevented the horses from being tossed and severely injured when they fell.

It is agreed that there must be further changes if the horses are to be saved, and two suggestions are made. One is that there should be a return to the older custom by which the horses, instead of standing blindfolded broad-side on to await the tossing by the bull, should be so manoeuvred by their riders as to dodge the horns altogether, while still enabling their riders to thrust their lances at the bull. That would involve the use of better horses than the poor wrecks sacrificed in such numbers today.

The other alternative, declared by experts to be the only effective one, is the withdrawal of the horses altogether from this butchery. Why should not the people who enjoy bullfights fight the bulls themselves?

RAPHAEL'S TOWN

The First Raphael Picture

Raphael is one of the greatest names in the world, and it is no wonder that his native town is proud of him.

The painter's name was Raffaello Santi, but he was always Raphael of Urbino. Many of us remember the story of Michael Angelo grumbling because he was asked to paint the Sistine frescoes and asking why the Pope could not have asked Raphael of Urbino.

Urbino has been remembering cases like this, and thinking sadly that it is no comfort to know that Raphael was born within its walls, for Urbino has not a single picture by him. All the great galleries of the world have some. Most of the cities that were great in Raphael's day have a picture by him. But Urbino has nothing, alas! What a barren honour it is to be Raphael's Urbino!

Now the Italian Government has ordered that a famous Raphael portrait of the Duke of Urbino shall be removed from the Uffizi Gallery in Florence and presented to Raphael's native town.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

Murillo the Picture Boy

Murillo died on April 3, 1682.

Murillo, the painter of gentle Madonnas and merry vagabonds, was born in Seville on the last day of the year 1617. He was the child of humble people and was left orphaned when ten years old. He then passed into the care of a guardian, who knew well enough that there was only one thing that mattered to the boy—drawing.

It happened that Murillo's uncle was a painter of some merit, an excellent draughtsman if poor as a colourist. The boy was apprenticed to him. All went well for a time. Then, about 1640, this uncle went away from Seville. Murillo found himself practically destitute in a town full of painters where one had to be exceptional to catch the public eye. Two years passed by very hard for the young man, who did not always know where to find food for the next meal. His only resource was to paint bright, showy pictures and sell them in the market-place. Often he made a picture "while you wait."

Helped by Velasquez

These times were not without value, for, wedged in among gipsies and orange boys and sellers of old clothes, Murillo was able to study first hand the rollicking peasant life of Spain which he afterwards painted so charmingly.

In 1642 he heard through a fellow-student of the glories of Rome, and determined to get there somehow. He painted several pictures on squares of linen to sell, and set off on foot across the hills to Madrid. It was a weary lad who at last reached the town.

Taking his courage in both hands, he went to see Velasquez to ask for letters of introduction to someone in Rome. Velasquez, who was Court painter and a great person, promptly took the young man into his own house and gave him permission to wander over the galleries of Madrid. There Murillo studied the great masters, copying, working with relentless energy, so that three years passed like a dream. Then, instead of going to Rome, he went back to Seville to paint.

How Fame Came to Him

It happened that the friars of a certain convent wanted their cloisters decorated with a number of pictures. They had only a little money and no painter would accept the commission. Murillo took it; the pictures made him famous. No painter in the town could even remotely rival him. He became the head of the Seville school of painting.

Murillo could now scarcely cope with requests for pictures. As time went on every house of any standing in Seville possessed a painting or drawing by Murillo. He painted religious compositions for his patrons, and pictures of jolly boys and girls because he loved them and remembered the old days.

Murillo's Strength and Weakness

Murillo's greatest work is generally supposed to be the series of eleven pictures which he painted for an almshouse, or hospital, connected with the church of St. Jorge in Seville. He also painted a great number of easel pictures and portraits and landscapes, the best of them being the Madonnas like The Conception in the Louvre. In these he shows his strength and his weakness. His drawing and construction were never good enough for his beautiful colour work and fine technique.

Murillo suffered all his life for never having been taught to draw properly. Nevertheless as a colourist he holds a distinct place in European art. We can see something of his work in the National Gallery: The Holy Family, The Spanish Peasant Boy, St. John and the Lamb, The Boy Drinking.

A sad accident brought about his end. He fell off a scaffolding while painting an altar-piece in a church at Cadiz, and died at Seville in 1682.

A LITTLE CANADIAN

TROUBLE

Has the Commons Lost Its Weights and Measures?

The Canadian House of Commons is very unhappy. Fifty years ago it undertook an important national trust, and it feels that it has failed to keep it.

It is one of three custodians of the standard weights and measures of the Dominion. In 1874, at great expense, three sets were made in London and sent out to Ottawa. The Department of Trade has one set, and that is safe. The Senate has another, and that is reported safe. The third set, left with the House of Commons, cannot be found. Yet when last seen it was in an iron-bound chest which it would have taken six men to lift.

Where Our Standards Are Kept

In London a special Standards Department has charge of our Imperial standards, and copies of them are at the Mint, at the Royal Society, at Greenwich Observatory, and in the Houses of Parliament. And even if all these were lost there are the measures of length in Trafalgar Square.

Canadian Members of Parliament after their distressing experience will surely think it careless of us to leave our standards lying about in such a place, yet there they are in the great square, a yard measure, a hundred-foot measure, a 66-links measure, and a pole measure, lying unguarded at the foot of the wall. However, as they happen to be built right into the wall they would prove in practice even more difficult to carry off than the iron-bound box of Ottawa.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

It is hoped to reopen Madame Tussaud's before next Christmas.

There are still eight countries in the world without railroads.

Sixty-two per cent of the families in Canada now own their own homes.

The ancient windmill at Tiptree, one of the few left in Essex, is to be dismantled.

Wye Salmon

Over 4300 salmon were caught by the rod and 3000 by the net in the River Wye last year.

Money from Ice Cream

As much as £245 has been paid for an ice-cream pitch on the sands at Wallasey next season.

Sunlight and Radio Waves

The United States Bureau of Standards has found that sunset noticeably affects the direction of radio waves.

Where the Shillings Go

To supply the shilling-in-the-slot gas-meters of one London gas company over four million shillings are withdrawn from circulation every six weeks.

Canada's New Roads

More than seven thousand miles of roads were constructed in Canada last year at a cost of nearly ten million pounds.

U.S. Patent Office

The United States Patent Office has over 1200 employees. Every year over 80,000 applications for patents are received.

Shoelaces for Weary Feet

Rubber shoelaces have appeared on the market. They are said to stretch so easily that shoes can be put on or taken off without being unlaced.

A Census of Crows

The crow population of the United States is estimated at 200 millions, and each bird is believed to cost the farmers of the nation a dollar a year.

The Popular Motor-Bus

Compared with the year before there were 13 million more bus passengers and nine million fewer railway passengers in London last year.

Palestine and Its People

A new census of Palestine gives a population of 887,000, of whom 641,000 are Mohammedans, 158,000 Jews, and 78,000 Christians. The Jews have nearly doubled since 1922.

A FAMOUS VISITOR

COMET APPROACHING THE EARTH

Speeding Toward Us at
1000 Miles a Minute

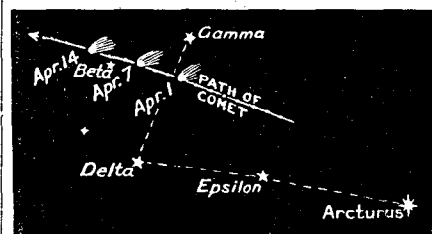
LOOK OUT FOR JUNE 27

By the C.N. Astronomer

A most interesting region of the heavens just now is that of the grand constellation of Boötes the Herdsman; for the famous Pons-Winnecke comet is speeding through it on its way toward the Earth and the Sun.

But though this comet is at present invisible without a good telescope there is, nevertheless, a charm about knowing where it is and something of its apparent surroundings.

Boötes is easily found with the aid of its magnificent first-magnitude star the golden Arcturus, which will be seen high up almost midway between the south-east horizon and overhead. It is so bright that it cannot be mistaken.



The path of the Pons-Winnecke comet through the constellation of Boötes

Most of the other prominent stars of Boötes can be easily identified with the help of the star map.

Arcturus rivals Vega for first place in the northern heavens, and if not the brighter is at any rate much the larger of the two stars. Vega will be seen rather low in the north-east sky, scintillating vividly with its bluish-white light, in marked contrast to Arcturus. Photometric measurements indicate that Vega is the brightest star in the northern heavens—as seen from the Earth.

But Arcturus has a colossal diameter of about 19 million miles, and is a gaseous sun in an early state of stellar evolution, at a surface temperature of but 4100 degrees Centigrade. Vega, on the other hand, though much hotter and with a surface temperature of some 11,500 degrees Centigrade, is much smaller than Arcturus, and according to radiometer measurements has a diameter of some 1½ million miles only, which is twice that of our Sun, though it radiates a hundred times as much light.

Now, it is some way to the north of Arcturus and between the third-magnitude stars Gamma and Delta in Boötes that the Pons-Winnecke comet appears at present. It is rapidly speeding north-eastward along the path shown in the star map, actually travelling toward us at nearly a thousand miles a minute.

Earth May Meet the Comet

It has for the past three years been approaching the Earth's orbit from the region of Jupiter's orbit, and as its perihelion, or nearest point to the Sun, is at almost the same distance as the Earth there is always the possibility of our world and this comet almost meeting.

It happens that this year the Earth and the Pons-Winnecke comet will be very near to being in the same place at the same time, which would certainly be disastrous for the comet! This exciting proximity will occur on June 27, when, according to the expert calculation of Dr. Crommelin, our world will be but 3½ million miles away from the nucleus of this comet.

This is exceptionally close, and quite near enough for the Earth to become involved in multitudes of its meteoric particles; so about that time the sky may be unusually interesting. But we shall deal with this later. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus west, Mars south-west. Saturn south-east at midnight.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 1 The Castaway

An early-morning mist hung over the inner harbour at Macao, the port of the small peninsula that represents the sole possession of Portugal in China. Out in the channel the multitude of junks lying at anchor looked shadowy, unsubstantial; one or two that were moving glided among the others like furtive ghosts. A small steamer lay alongside the quay; but there was no smoke from its funnel, nor were any of its crew visible.

The only human beings to be seen on the water-front were two tallish youths, whose features and complexions showed them to be neither Portuguese nor Chinese. They were ruddy, brown-haired, grey-eyed, like thousands of boys who may be seen any day on the playing-fields of English public schools. It was not long, indeed, since they had been numbered among the boys at a well-known school in the Midlands.

Each wore a suit of white duck, puttees, and a solar helmet, for though the month was March and the morning misty the thermometer marked a temperature equal to that of England in June, and when the mist cleared the sunlight would be strong. Each carried a sporting gun and a large rucksack slung over the shoulders. Below them a small motor-boat, moored stem and stern, rose and fell lazily on the tide.

"Rather thick, eh?" remarked the younger of the two.

"Yes, but I've known it worse," responded his brother. "We can feel our way through. Hai! Ah Sung!"

A Chinese boy—his age was forty odd, but all Chinese servants of Europeans are boys—poked his head out of the cabin. His slant eyes twinkled in his broad, flat, olive-hued face.

"Have you got everything?" asked the English lad.

"Ay, ay, sir, everyting all plop."

"Then we'll make a start, Larry."

The two lads jumped aboard, handing their burdens to Ah Sung, who laid them on a bench in the little cabin. Lawrence Benson, called Larry by his elder brother, released the mooring-rope at the bows, while Michael started the engine. The nose of the boat swung outward; Michael engaged low gear and took the wheel, and when Larry had cleared the stern-rope the Bantam, as the little craft was named, crept away from the quayside into the crowded harbour.

At half-speed she threaded a serpentine course among the junks, sampans, and tankas that swarmed on the surface, lying so close together that only at close quarters was a passage-way visible between them. Michael's whole attention was engrossed in his task of navigation; Larry, having no responsibility, was free to watch and admire.

"You're doing jolly well, old man," he remarked presently.

"Oh, well, it's not the first time I've been out after snipe. Is it, Ah Sung?"

The Chinese smiled, and went on preparing rice in the tiny galley. "I'm only sorry old Gallows wouldn't come with us," Michael proceeded. (Gallows was the school name of Wo Hung, a young Chinese who had been a schoolfellow of the Bensons in England and was now living at his home near Macao.)

"Why wouldn't he?" asked Larry.

"I don't know his real reason. It's difficult to get to the bottom of these Chinese. The reason he gave was that the country is disturbed; something about pirates; but that seems hardly good enough. Anyway, it didn't prevent Chang from agreeing to come, and it's bad luck that he had to go to Hong Kong yesterday."

They passed between the peninsula of Macao and the island of Lappa—the Chinese quarter—on their port side. In a few minutes, having cleared the crowded portion of the harbour, they were plunging at full speed across the bar at the entrance, and came into the outer harbour, with the islands of St. John and Taipei ahead. Swinging round one of the lesser islets that dot the channel, Michael set an easterly course as for Hong Kong, forty miles away.

"I thought you said we were to make for the west," said Larry.

"So we shall, my son—presently," said Michael. "You don't suspect it, but hundreds of eyes have been watching us, and it's just as well that the watchers shan't know too much."

"Well, I suppose you know."



With some difficulty they hauled him aboard

Larry was wireless operator on a tramp steamer which had put in at Hong Kong a fortnight before. Having a few days' leave, he had come to spend them with his brother, who had been some two years in Macao, in the employment of a firm of exporters.

Michael held on his easterly course until he was well out of sight from Macao; then he steered southward, then westward, passing within some five miles south of the islands. After a time he edged in to within a couple of miles of the coast, and kept that offing for an hour or two. The mist was already clearing, but they met only a few small junks, avoiding the main line of traffic which ran much farther out.

There was a slight swell on the water, but the sturdy little boat rode easily along, keeping an average of seven knots at three-quarter throttle.

"Of course she *could* do more," Michael said when Larry asked what her maximum speed was; "but it's no good wasting petrol. We've got the whole day before us."

It was perhaps four or five hours after they had started when Larry, in the bows, called out: "I say, Mike, there's a motor-boat ahead. Look at it; that moving speck there: nothing but a motor-boat could get over the water as quickly as that is going."

"My glasses, Ah Sung," Michael called.

The Chinese handed up the binoculars, and Michael, steering with one hand, took a long look at the object that his brother had pointed out.

"A motor-boat sure enough," he said. "She's certainly going a pretty good lick. Wonder what she is? I know every motor craft in these waters; there aren't a great many; and if she belongs to Macao

or Hong Kong I ought to recognise her as we get nearer."

But they did not get nearer: the boat ahead, in fact, began to grow smaller and less distinguishable.

"She's drawing away," said Michael, surprised and perhaps a little chagrined. He increased his speed to the maximum of nine knots; but after a minute or two reduced it again, saying: "After all, it doesn't matter. We're not out for a race."

The moving speck grew smaller and smaller, and in half an hour had disappeared altogether.

But Michael's mind still dwelled somewhat on the strange boat.

"I don't think it can be a local boat," he said. "If it is it's only just come here. Perhaps we'll come across it again. I say, look out for that creek I told you of: it's just beyond that rocky headland—you see?—barely a mile away. I don't want to overshoot the creek."

Larry obediently fixed his eyes on the coastline. A few minutes

to address him in rapid sing-song Chinese, which Michael could not follow. For a long time the man was silent; then, as though weary of his questioner's persistence, he spoke a few grudging words.

"No good for nuffin at all, sah!" said Ah Sung to Michael, raising his hands in a gesture of indignation and despair. "Fella no talkee plop. Say he fall off junk: hai! look-see no junk." He waved his arm round. "My say what way he cathee hole. Him say him cathee something sharp! Numpa one silla fella."

"What's all that mean?" asked Larry, smiling: it was his introduction to pidgin-English.

"He says he fell off a junk and struck himself against something sharp," replied Michael. "There's no junk in sight, and the something must have been very sharp to cause a gash like that. One would say someone had knifed him. However, if he won't tell us any more, no matter; we must take him on shore. Lo Fing will know what to do with him."

CHAPTER 2

Queer Doings in the Joss-House

AH SUNG stowed his fellow-countryman in the after-part of the boat, and the voyage was resumed. They passed close to a rocky headland, and after hugging a shingly beach for about a quarter of a mile Michael put the wheel over and ran into a narrow creek bordered on each side by low sandbanks. Larry had climbed on the roof of the cabin, from which he could just manage to see over the top of the banks.

"Not much of a view after all," he said. "It's not a very interesting country about here; something like the Norfolk Broads, only more dismal."

On both sides there was nothing to be seen but extensive paddy fields stretching away to low hills in the far distance.

"Keep your eye open for a building near the shore," said Michael. "That's our destination."

"What sort of building?"

"An ordinary Chinese farmhouse. But there's no other, so you can't miss it. I hope Lo Fing will be at home. Your coming without notice gave me no time to let him know in advance; but he's a decent chap, and I don't suppose he'll raise any objection to our shooting over his lands."

The creek, narrowing slightly as they proceeded, wound between the unvarying sandbanks, and the Bantam had throbbed her way for more than three miles before Larry caught sight of a small, pagoda-roofed house standing on a slight eminence some little distance ahead.

"I thought you said it was near the creek," he remarked. "It's two hundred yards or more from the bank."

"Wait," said Michael. "There are no A.A. signposts, Concealed Turning, about here."

In a few moments a tributary gully suddenly disclosed itself on the right. Michael swung the boat round into this, remarking that the water seemed dirtier than ever, and in three minutes ran alongside a rough jetty, from which a path led to the house above.

A middle-aged Chinese, dressed entirely in blue, rose from the bamboo chair on which he had been sitting in front of the house smoking a long pipe, and hastened down the path, meeting the boys as they landed. He smiled and bowed low, stretching out his hands.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fing," said Michael. "This is my brother; he's got a couple of days' leave from his ship, and I brought him over on the chance of getting your permission for a little shooting. Sorry I couldn't let you know, but I didn't know myself."

"It is an honour," said the Chinese, bowing again. He spoke English, though his intonation was strange. "You are my friend, Mr. Benson, therefore your brother also is my friend. All that I have is at your service. But you will not think I am backward in obliging you if I say a word of warning."

His smile was replaced by a look of uneasiness. "Those abhorred malefactors the pirates have been busy at their work farther up the West River, and it would be a knife in my heart if my English friends came to any harm through them."

"Don't be alarmed," said Michael. "My brother and I can take care of ourselves. We have our guns, and a couple of revolvers also. But I don't think the pirates will interfere with us. By the way, we picked up a castaway a few miles back. How he managed to cling to the spar I don't know, as he's wounded. He wouldn't give any account of himself."

Lo Fing looked gravely distressed, but promised to see the man, attend to his wound, and find out what he could about him. Leaving him in the joint charge of Lo Fing and Ah Sung, the boys took their outfits from the boat, pulled on long boots, and set off for the marshy district over which Michael had shot once before.

About an hour afterwards, when they had trudged over two or three miles of marsh, there came a sudden rumble of thunder.

"I'm afraid we're in for a storm," said Michael. "Look there!"

He pointed northward. Sullen copper-coloured clouds appeared to be springing out of the hills and rushing across the sky toward them.

"It means a thorough soaking," said Michael. "And there's no shelter. We'd better make for the Bantam."

A few large drops fell as heralds; then came the downpour. In a few moments the boys were wet to the skin; the marsh became a lake, and they plunged on desperately, ankle-deep in water.

Suddenly Michael caught sight of what appeared to be a half-ruined building ahead.

"We didn't pass that, so we must be out of our way," he said. "But it may give us a little shelter till the worst is over. These sudden storms never last long."

They made for the building, the doorway of which was open. As they drew nearer to it they wondered whether, after all, it would afford them much shelter, for it showed all the signs of long dilapidation. The remnants of scarlet scrolls and green dragons on its walls suggested that it had been a joss-house. They dashed through the entry into a roofless hall. At the farther end there was a door. Larry, arriving at it first, pushed it open, then halted in amazement. On a cushion in the middle of a large square room squatted a Chinese, as motionless as a carved statue. On each side of him stood a Chinese, holding the end of a rope that was knotted about the squatting man's neck.

TO BE CONTINUED



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April 2, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

II



Laugh Away the Sorrow and the Gloom



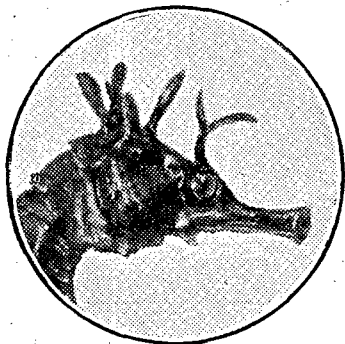
THE BRAN TUB

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in saddle but not in ride,
My second's in coastline but not in tide,
My third is in always but not in never,
My fourth is in loosen but not in sever,
My fifth is in easel but not in paint,
My sixth is in stupid but not in quaint,
My whole very useful can be,
You'll see them in use if you purchase tea.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Branched Sea-Horse

The Sea-Horse, a native of the Atlantic and Mediterranean, is a small fish about seven inches long. It swims with the body vertical, its solitary dorsal fin supplying the motive power. Its head and neck give it a curious resemblance to a horse.

Word Building

FILL in the blanks in the following story with words made from the letters in VERANDA. No word is used twice.

Answer next week

In a bygone — five children, whose names were —, —, —, and —, drove round the country in a —. They used to — toys. Their horse had lost —. He never — away. He did not —. The children took their pet — with them, — books to — aloud. Toys were not as — then as they — now. The children were sorry when the — of a trip was —.

Ici On Parle Français



Un accordéon Le gland Une aigrette

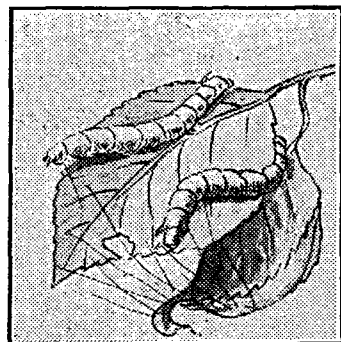
Savez-vous jouer de l'accordéon ?
Le gland est le fruit du chêne
L'aigrette est une sorte de héron

For Indoor Plants

PLANTS like palms, aspidistras, india-rubbers, and so on, often languish in rooms, especially during the winter. Sooner or later ugly brown patches appear on the leaves, and these are very unsightly.

The foliage of such plants may be kept in perfect condition if it is treated each week with milk and water. Mix new milk and water in equal parts, and then with a soft rag rub the liquid over the foliage.

Mistakes that Everybody Makes



SILKWORMS are not worms at all, but the caterpillar stage of the silkworm moth.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE young rooks are now being hatched out. The house-sparrow is building its nest. The moorhen, missel-thrush, redbreast, and blackbird are laying. The chiff-chaff and nut-hatch are heard. The pheasant utters its spring crow. The last of the fieldfares fly away. The grass snake appears.



Looking South 8 p.m., April 6

The peacock butterfly appears on the wing. Ivy berries are ripe. Poplars, plum, larch, red-currant, blackthorn, and turnip are flowering. Many trees are coming into leaf.

Cracks in Floors

THE cracks between floor boards are sometimes filled with putty, but in course of time this shrinks and may come out.

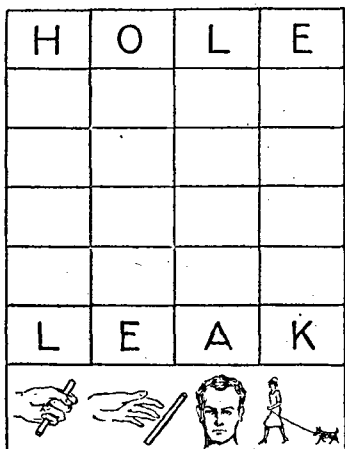
A much better medium is made by soaking newspaper scraps in a paste made in the ordinary way with flour and water. Add the pieces of paper while the paste is heating until a mass of about the consistency of putty is secured. The preparation is then pressed into the cracks with a blunt knife.

The mixture sets hard, and when dry, will take varnish, stain, or paint well.

How the Milliner Got Her Name

A MILLINER is one who makes and sells hats for women. The city of Milan, in Italy, was famous as a market for silks and ribbons, and anyone who dealt in these articles came to be called a Milaner or milliner.

Changeling



Change the word Hole into Leak with only four intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

What Am I?

I AM of many weights and sizes found,
Sometimes so heavy I can't leave the ground;
Sometimes so light an ounce me down would weigh;
So small sometimes that children with me play.
Over all Europe you my voice may hear,
From sunny Italy unto Russia drear;
Except, indeed, on Islam's mosque-built shore,
For faithful Moslems still my voice ignore.
Seek me not, then, in minaret or mosque,
In marble temple or in cool kiosk,
But where the lonely caravan you see
My voice is heard so shrill and merrily.
The camel knows it, and its cheering sound
Renews the dreadful stillness all around.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Sloper?

A SLOPER was a person who made slops, and slops, which now mean any cheap, ready-made clothing, were loose garments made to work in, like the cotton overalls of the modern engineer.

Jacko the Early Bird

JACKO loved reading detective stories. He had an idea that he would make a very good detective himself, and he wasted a lot of time thinking about the wonderful things he would do if he only had the chance.

"But nothing ever happens in Monkeyville," he said dolefully.

All the same he kept his eyes open and one day something *did* happen. Old Farmer Brown put up a notice on his gate to say that somebody was stealing his eggs. What is more, he offered a reward for the discovery of the thief.

"Five pounds!" Jacko read out. "Whew! I must look into this." And he rushed off to the library and asked for all the latest detective stories to see if they gave him any ideas.

Unfortunately none of the stories was very helpful. They were all about gangs of desperate men who wore masks and rode in huge motor-cars. And the clever detectives who



"Who's stealing my eggs?" shouted an angry voice

brought the criminals to justice never concerned themselves with anything less than diamond robberies.

"I'll have to think out something of my own," said Jacko, pushing away the books in disgust.

He started the very next morning by asking his mother where she had bought the eggs they had eaten for breakfast.

Mrs. Jacko looked very pleased.

"I'm glad *somebody* noticed how nice they were," she said. "As a matter of fact, I bought them from a gipsy. I don't generally buy things from people who come to the door, but the eggs looked so nice I couldn't resist them."

Jacko fairly shivered with excitement.

"What a clue!" he said to himself. "I shouldn't wonder if I'm not hot on the scent already!"

But it wasn't all plain sailing; he had to prove that the gipsy was stealing Farmer Brown's eggs. That took some thinking out, but at last Jacko had a brain-wave.

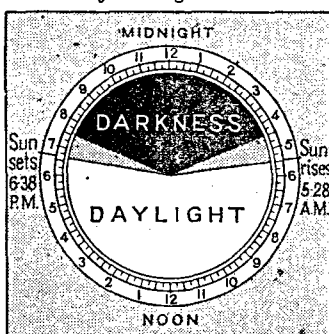
"I know! I'll mark the eggs!" he exclaimed gleefully. "It's an early bird that catches the worm, and I shouldn't wonder if I'm not round at the farm before that gipsy tomorrow morning."

He was too; he was so early that it was hardly light, and it was quite a job to find any eggs to mark. So he waited a little. And then, as he crept round the poultry-run, he had the shock of his life.

"Who's stealing my eggs?" shouted an angry voice; and there was Farmer Brown, who had been sitting up all night in the hope of catching the thief.

Jacko tried to explain what he was up to, but the farmer wouldn't listen. He came after Jacko with his whip, and that young gentleman soon came to the conclusion that it was a case of Safety First. He took to his heels and never stopped running till he reached home.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	7542	8019
Glasgow	2341	2310
Birmingham	1740	1767
Dublin	1052	990
Edinburgh	786	808
Cardiff	417	430
Portsmouth	403	436
Sunderland	343	359
Birkenhead	267	351
Derby	235	254
Wigan	168	177
Oxford	125	109

The five weeks are up to March 5, 1927

D! MERRYMAN

The Good Old Days

A LITTLE boy looked up wearily from his homework.

"I wish I had lived hundreds of years ago," he sighed.

"Why, dear?" asked his mother.

"Because I shouldn't have had so much history to learn," was the reply.

The First of April

A YOUNG lady, caught off her guard on the first of April by an empty-headed youth, retorted in these lines: I pardon, sir, the trick you played

When an April fool you made me,
Since only one day I appear
To be what you are—all the year.

Going Away

GERALD gazed at the flying clouds, and suddenly in a despairing voice exclaimed: "Oh, Mummie, Mummie, the sky is going away!"

WHY is a trumpet the most good-tempered of all instruments?

Because it will take a blow from anyone.

Not in the Atlas

A LITTLE boy put down the book he was reading.

"Dad," he asked, "where is Atoms?"

"You mean *what are* atoms," said Father; "there is no place called Atoms."

"No; I mean a place."

"Probably you are thinking of Athens."

"No; I mean Atoms—the place where things get blown to."

In a Hurry



WHEN Douglas Drake upon the lake
Sets sail I understand
The Froggies board a lily punt
And pole in haste to land!

No Wish to Stay

THE proceedings of a police-court case had been rather noisy, and the magistrate determined to restore order.

"The next person who interrupts," he said sternly, "will be put outside."

"Hurray!" shouted the prisoner.

The Next Best Thing

THERE is to be a great exhibition of spring flowers. Are you going to see it?

No; I'll stay at home and listen to it on the wireless.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

ASCEND TREE
SEAMS FIORD
PAINS ERROR
SA FRIED C
DODDERED PA
AWA E N LAP
SS GLADNESS
H PAINS PS
PRINT FEAR
PRONG FORGE
PODS LAPSED

A Charade

Corn-ice

Do You Know Me?

Baden-Powell

Beheaded Words

Wheat, heat, eat

Jumbled Towns

Sunderland

Birmingham

Cambridge

Worcester

Newcastle

Limerick

Liverpool

Peterhead

Aberdeen

Northampton

Who Was He?

The Real King-Maker was General Monk.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

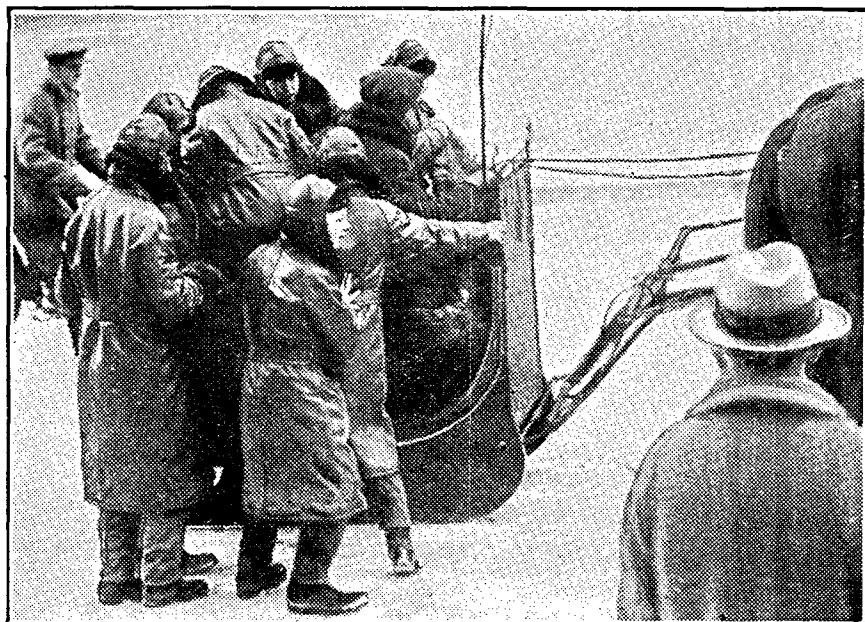
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 2, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

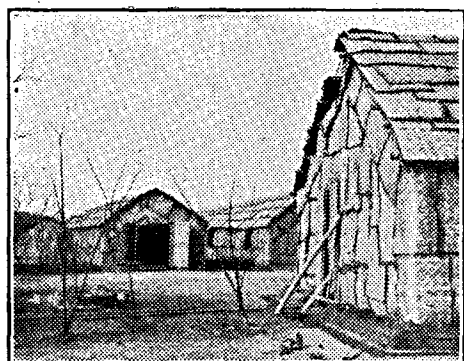
ABBEY BOYS IN CANADA · THE CHILDREN'S FLEET · THE ELEPHANT WAGON



Westminster Boys in Canada—A party of choir boys from Westminster Abbey has been touring Canada, and here we see some of them boarding a sleigh for a ride at Winnipeg



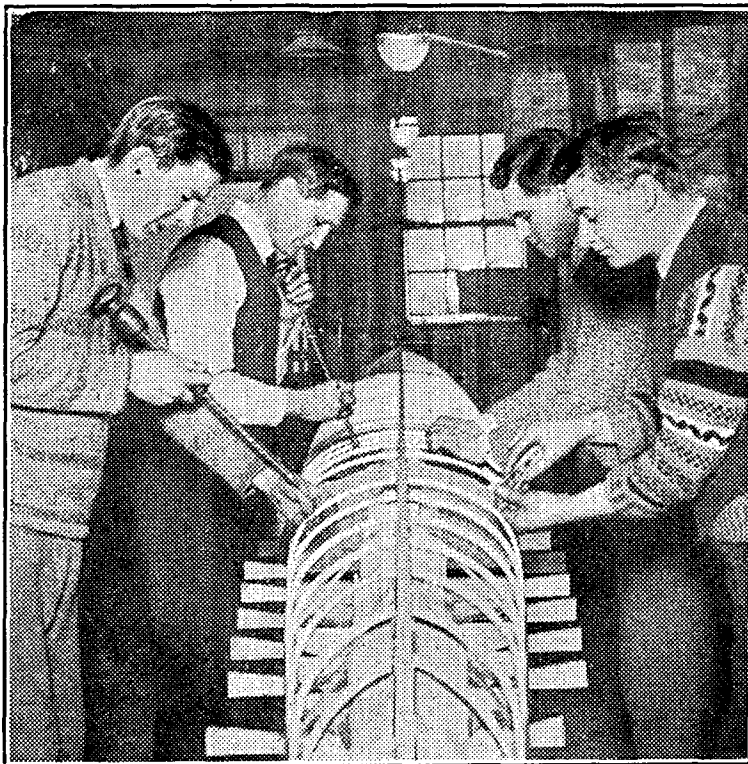
A Family of Riders—The five girls and their little brother who are here seen cleaning harness and saddles on their father's farm near Shrewsbury



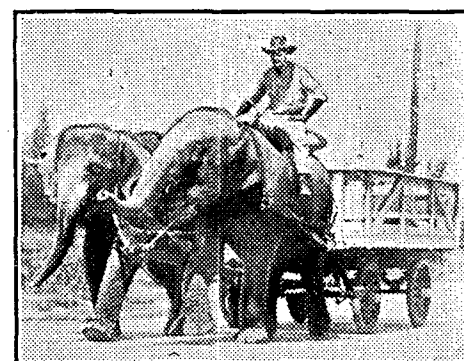
Shanghai Huts for British Troops—These huts made from reed mats have been built in Jessfield Park, Shanghai, to house the British troops who have been sent there to protect the Settlement



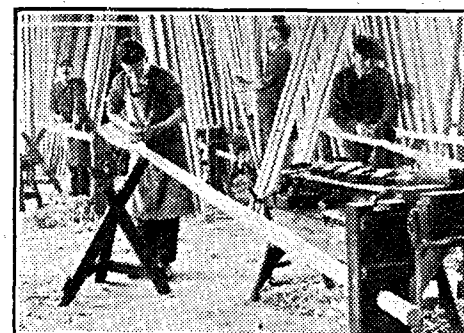
Boating Begins in London—When this fleet of little boats appeared at Tooting Bec Common many children enjoyed their first day of boating this year



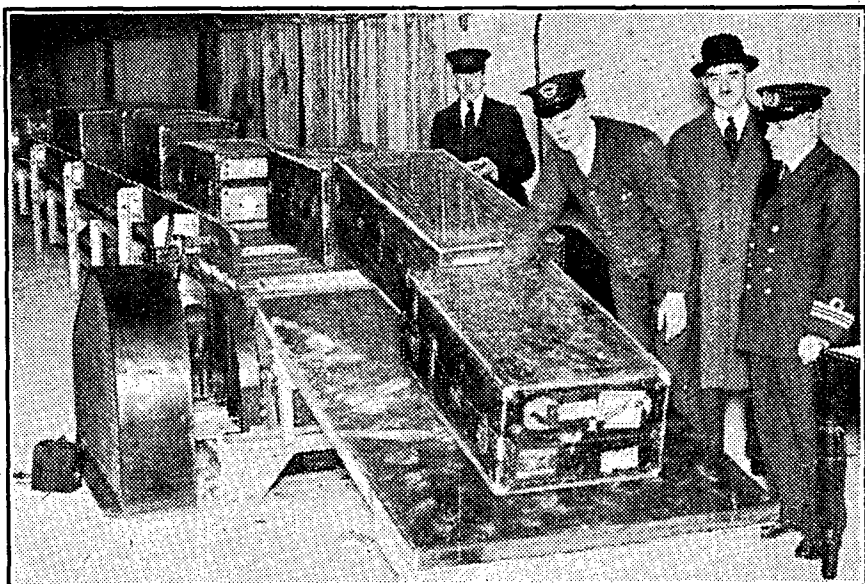
Making Oxford's Boat—Today the 79th Boat Race is being rowed, and this picture shows the Oxford boat being built at Putney. Great skill is required to make such a frail craft capable of withstanding the heavy strain put upon it



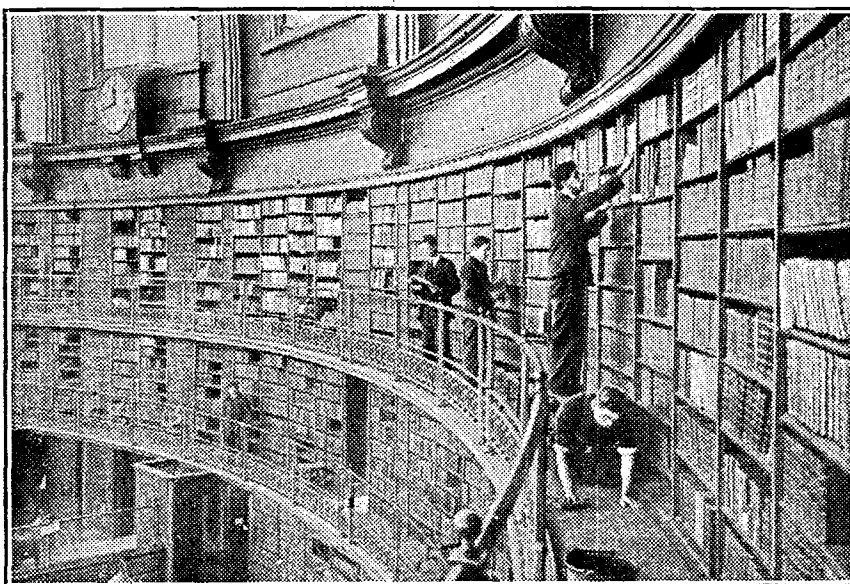
Slow but Strong—These two elephants in Florida earn their living by pulling a wagon. They are not fast, but they are useful for drawing very heavy loads and work well together in double harness



New Oars for Cambridge—These skilled workmen are carving the oars used by Cambridge in the Boat Race. The crews keep their oars as mementoes



An Electric Railway for Luggage—At Victoria Station, where cross-Channel passengers arrive in London, this electric conveyor, 200 feet long, has been installed to handle luggage at the storage room of the Customs office. About 360 trunks can be dealt with in an hour



Great Library in Danger—Here we see the Reading Room of the British Museum, which is said to be in danger of collapse under the weight of the books, to which 30,000 are added every month. It would cost a million pounds to rebuild the library, and no funds are available

READ WHAT MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL SAYS ABOUT HOW THE STARS ARE LIGHTED

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